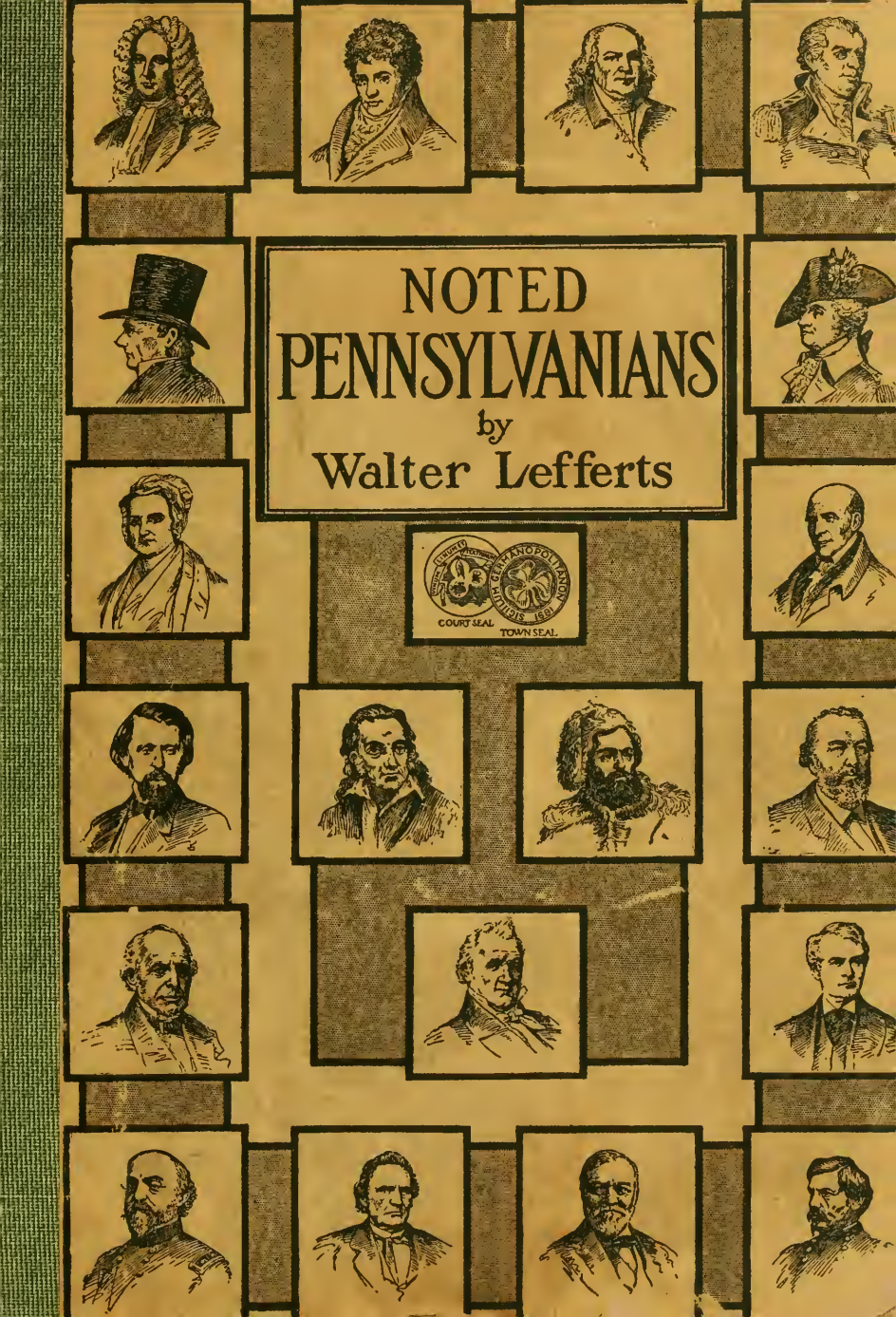
NOTED
PENNSYLVANIANS
by
Walter Lefferts
COURT SEAL
TOWN SEAL

Noted Pennsylvanians

BY

WALTER LEFFERTS

SUPERVISING PRINCIPAL, THOMAS G. MORTON SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA

"We have every reason to be proud of our State, and perhaps we ought to cherish more State pride than we possess. This, when not carried to excess, when it scorns to depreciate a rival, is a noble and useful principle of action."

—JAMES BUCHANAN.

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PREFACE

This book contains the life-stories of twenty Pennsylvanians who are or were famous throughout the nation. We need to know our great citizens better. New England has steeped her people in love of their history until tourists flock to the hallowed ground. Other sections of the country might well follow New England's example.

The aim of the book is to strike a mean between the prolix volume consulted by few and the brief account which leaves a reader unsatisfied as to the connection of events. Nothing more bewilders the mind than to be confronted with a figure who apparently has sprung to greatness in a moment—nothing could be more untrue than such a semblance. These accounts strive to present the steps, from childhood on, by which the persons described made their way.

These life-stories cannot fail to bring out strongly the power of hard, persistent work toward definite ends. If the young people who read them absorb that idea, the author will be repaid for his labor.

The book supplements the usual course in United States history. There is no better way of teaching history to the young than to impart it through the medium of biography. "These our actors" have left

behind more than "the baseless fabric of a vision." Their lives span the whole existence of organized Pennsylvania. To suit the narrations to children, literary style has been made secondary to conciseness of statement.

Two distinguished persons have been intentionally omitted from our list. The lives of Penn and Franklin have been already so well and often described that no school-child has excuse for ignorance concerning them. James G. Blaine is also excluded, because, although a Pennsylvanian by birth, he in a special sense represented Maine throughout his career. Exception may be taken to the inclusion of Audubon, but it was in our State that his life-work began.

The thanks of the author are due to J. B. Lippincott Company for permission to use selections from the works of Thomas Buchanan Read.

W. L.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1913

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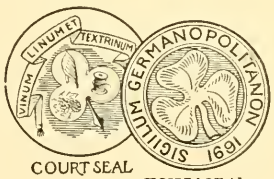
FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS.

1651–1719.

FOUNDER OF GERMANTOWN.

Penn and the Pietists.—The religion of the Quakers, or Society of Friends, began in England, and most of the Friends have been of English blood. The Friends, however, were not satisfied to confine their religion to the British Isles, and sent missionaries through Holland and Germany. There these missionaries met many persons whose belief was already like that of the Friends. One sect was called the Mennonites, and many of these afterward came to Pennsylvania.



COURT SEAL TOWN SEAL

About twenty-five years after the first Quaker missionaries had come to the Dutch and Germans, William Penn, then about thirty years old, with several companions, set out on a similar errand. While travelling in Germany, they came to the city of Frankfort. There they found a number of thoughtful and well-to-do persons, who regularly met to discuss matters of religion. Because the thoughts of these

persons were so much turned to piety or goodness, they were called Pietists.

The Pietists became very friendly with the Quakers, and were sorry when the time came for Penn and his companions to return to England. Four years later the Pietists heard that William Penn had received from the King a great tract of land in America, and that he wished his German friends who were not satisfied with religious affairs at home to settle in his province of Pennsylvania.

As the Pietists, like the Quakers, had been persecuted on account of their beliefs, several of them decided to buy land from Penn and emigrate to the New World. Just at this time a young lawyer of Frankfort came back from a long series of travels through Europe. This lawyer was a Pietist, but had never met Penn. His name was Francis Daniel Pastorius.

Pastorius Goes to Pennsylvania.—The father of Pastorius was a rich and well-educated lawyer, and had brought up his son to the same profession. Francis Pastorius, before settling down to practice law, made a tour of two years "to see the world." When he returned, he soon learned of the news about Pennsylvania.

The friends of Pastorius were so pleased with the prospect of going to America that he too became interested. "I will go with you," he said at last. "It will be easier to lead a quiet, godly, and honest life in a howling wilderness than here in Germany."

His friends were glad to know of his resolve. As Pastorius was a lawyer, they made him their agent to buy their land, and asked him to manage all the affairs necessary for settling in the country. In May,

HERE WILLIAM PENN RECEIVED PASTORIUS IN A MOST COURTEOUS WAY.

1683, Pastorius bought from Penn's agent the land which his friends desired. They were not ready to go to America yet—in fact, not one of them ever did cross the Atlantic—but it was necessary for Pastorius to go over and personally select the land. The Pietists wished to be sure of fertile ground in a favorable place.

One June day, Pastorius with several servants went on board a ship appropriately called the "America," and ten weeks later, so slow then was the passage, arrived at the new settlement of Philadelphia. Here William Penn received him in a most courteous way, but he soon found that Penn was not willing to abide by the agreement which had been made concerning the German land.

The agent had agreed that the Germans should have 15,000 acres in one piece, and that this should lie along some river which could be navigated. Pastorius had not brought any settlers for the Frankfort land, and Penn, anxious that his province should grow, wished to give the best land to others who seemed likely to cultivate it sooner. Pastorius discovered that Penn naturally wished to put off carrying out the agreement with the Frankfort purchasers until some of them should come over or send actual settlers.

Founding of Germantown.—Fortunately, just at this time thirteen families arrived from another part of Germany. Pastorius formed a partnership with them, and secured from Penn a grant for a township of six thousand acres, or nearly ten square miles of ground. Penn, however, would not give to the Germans any tract along the Delaware or Schuylkill, but made them take their ground on the high land above the Wissahickon. He made the condition that thirty families should be settled on the land within a year.

Winter was close at hand, and it was necessary to begin work immediately. The new settlement was begun on October 24th. It was called the German town or Germantown and was six miles from Philadelphia. It had a main street sixty feet wide, which is now known as Germantown Avenue. Along this street the rough little houses were placed. Each house had three acres of ground as its lot, but Pastorius had worked so hard to get the land from Penn that he received six acres for his home.

Few houses were built before winter came, and it was a winter of hardship. Pastorius built a house in Philadelphia. It was half above and half below the ground, and had oiled paper in the windows instead of glass. In this little two-roomed hut, smaller than a single schoolroom nowadays, he kept twenty of the emigrants until spring. No doubt they were terribly crowded. Over the door Pastorius placed a Latin motto which said: "My house is small, but open to good men and closed to evil ones." The serious motto on such a mean house amused Penn exceedingly.

Early Hardships. Growth of the Community.—By the next spring, about fifty persons were living in Germantown, and more Germans soon arrived. They were mostly weavers, and expected to earn their daily bread by making and selling clothing of all kinds. They found to their sorrow that almost every one who had come to the New World had been wise enough to

provide himself with plenty of thick, stout clothing. The poor weavers could not sell their goods, and had to turn to farming for awhile. Some heartless person made a joke in German on their distress, calling their village "Armentown," which meant Poortown.

It was no joke to the discouraged German weavers. They found the New World a hard world during their first year. Pastorius cheered them as much as he could, and wrote to his friends in Europe to send over grape-vine cuttings and all kinds of vegetable seeds so that the summer might bring plentiful food. The thick forest around the settlement helped to make it gloomy. Often, as Pastorius looked at the trees, he wished for strong woodmen to lay them low and to build large comfortable houses for the colonists.

After the first hardships, the settlement slowly grew and prospered. Six years after it was laid out, Penn granted a charter to it as a real town. Pastorius was made the head or "bailiff." The new town now adopted a seal with which all the official papers were stamped. The seal was a clover-leaf. On one leaflet was a grape-vine, on another a flax-blossom, on the third a weaver's spool. This showed the three main ways in which the town's people made a living.

By this time the land was becoming so cleared and settled that the Germans laid out large tracts of ground north of Germantown. One of these, which covered much of the land where Mount Airy is to-day, was called Krisheim or Cresheim, after a German vil-

lage whence some of the settlers had come. From this, Cresheim Creek and Cresheim Street took the names.

In the same year when Cresheim was named, William Rittinghuysen (Rittenhouse) came over from Holland. His forefathers had long carried on in the Old World the business of paper-making. Rittenhouse built on a little stream, now called Paper Mill Run, the first paper-mill in America (1690).

Protest Against Slavery.—Many of the Mennonites, whose belief was so like that of the Friends, came to Germantown. They built a church, and helped greatly in making the town prosperous. These Mennonites were thoughtful men. Pastorius and they often discussed a matter which later on caused a great war in this country. That matter was slavery.

Few persons then thought it was wrong to hold negroes in slavery; but Pastorius and his Mennonite friends were ahead of their times. At last they sent to the Friends' Meeting in Philadelphia a protest against slavery. This was the earliest American writing against that evil.

In this protest they said: "Here (in Pennsylvania) is liberty of conscience, which is right and reasonable; here ought to be likewise liberty of the body, except of evildoers. But to bring men hither, or to steal and sell them, against their will, we stand against. In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience' sake, and here there are those oppressed which are of a black color. Oh, do consider well this

thing, you who do it; if you would be done by in this manner, and if it is done according to Christianity!"

Nothing came of the protest at the time, although many Friends approved of the paper. A hundred and fifty years later, however, it was the Friends who were foremost in urging the abolition of slavery.

Pastorius the Teacher.—Pastorius had received an excellent education, although not a practical one. He often lamented that he had not studied engineering or printing rather than some of the useless learning which he had acquired. Men of education, however, were not common in Philadelphia, and when the Friends set up a free public school they chose Pastorius as one of its two teachers. School lasted eight hours every week-day except Saturday, when there were lessons in the morning only.

Pastorius taught school until the very last years of his life, and he lived to be nearly seventy. When he died, Philadelphia, which he had seen at its beginning, was a goodly city, and Germantown a settlement of considerable size. If the German lawyer and schoolmaster could return to-day, he would be surprised to find that Germantown and Philadelphia were one, and to see the beautiful homes along the streets where once he walked; but he would no doubt be proud to think that he took a leading part in the beginnings of the old neighborhood, and that the Germantown settlers did much to make Philadelphia the great manufacturing city which it now is.

JAMES LOGAN.

1674–1751.

PENN'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.

The Fighting Quaker.—In the year 1699, William Penn was sailing across the Atlantic to make his second visit to America. Another ship came into sight and seemed to be overtaking Penn's vessel. There was war between England and France, and all feared that the strange ship might be an enemy, who would capture them.

JAMES LOGAN.

The crew prepared to fight if they were attacked. Penn and his friends, who did not believe in warfare, went below to the cabin; but one of the company, a tall youth named James Logan, stayed on deck to help defend the ship.

Soon Logan came down to tell Penn that the strange vessel had proved to be English, after all. Penn reproved Logan for undertaking to engage in fighting, as he was a Quaker. The young man replied, with spirit: "Why did thee not order me to come down? Thee was willing enough that I should stay and help to fight the ship, when thee thought there was danger!"

Penn would have had a right to give orders to Logan, for the latter had been engaged as Penn's secretary; but Logan was independent enough to stand up before his employer in defence of his action. The same sturdy spirit continued throughout Logan's life.

Logan and Penn.—James Logan, then twenty-five years of age, was a Scotch-Irishman of Quaker belief. He had been a schoolmaster and a merchant. His education was good; he had mastered six languages besides his own and was expert in mathematics. He was no mere book-worm, either, for his business ability equalled his learning.

Penn had expected to stay in Pennsylvania the rest of his life, but on this last visit he was able to spend less than two years here. The English government wished to make Penn's colony into a royal province, and it was necessary for him to look after affairs in England so as to prevent that step.

During Penn's stay, Logan had become not only a helper, but also a close friend. Penn trusted his secretary to the utmost, and, when he sailed away, left all his affairs in Pennsylvania under Logan's direction. "I have left thee in an uncommon trust," wrote Penn, "with a singular dependence on thy justice and care."

There was no mistake in trusting James Logan. With great diligence Logan kept Penn informed of everything that went on, and attended to all Penn's

business affairs in the colony. His zeal for his employer's welfare brought him into conflict with some of the leaders of the Assembly (the Legislature), and they actually impeached him on various unfounded charges. Finally they issued a warrant to imprison him, but he was saved from that by the Governor.

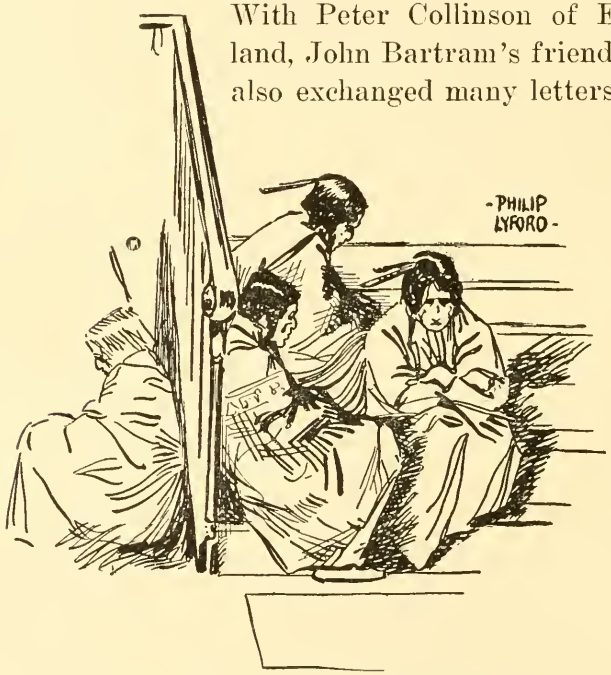
William Penn never came back to see his colony again. During the last six years of his life his mind failed, so that his wife Hannah carried on all business for him. Had it not been for James Logan, poverty would often have oppressed the great founder and his family.

Stenton. Logan's Busy Life.—After more than twenty-five years of residence in Philadelphia, Logan decided to build a country home for himself. On a beautiful piece of ground near the Old York Road he erected a house which he called Stenton. There he lived for nearly a quarter of a century more. A fall lamed him for life just after the house was finished, but could not stop his activity of mind.

For forty years, Logan was almost constantly occupied with the business of the city and colony. He was made Chief Justice, Mayor and President of the Governor's Council. The Governor suddenly died, and Logan being the next in office, ruled Pennsylvania for two years, until another Governor was chosen.

In spite of all these affairs, Logan found time to write upon various subjects. Especially was he in-

terested in plants, and he corresponded with the great Linnaeus, who has been called the father of modern botany. Linnaeus named after him a class of herbs and shrubs containing 350 kinds. With Peter Collinson of England, John Bartram's friend, he also exchanged many letters.



EVEN THE STAIRWAY WAS PRESSED INTO SERVICE.

Logan and the Indians. Thomas Godfrey.—Logan was entrusted with much of the Indian affairs of the colony, and the savages recognized his fairness to them. After the building of Stenton, the Indian committees, that often visited Philadelphia to make treaties, were entertained by Logan. The brick-paved

hall that ran through the house was many a time filled with sleeping Indians rolled in their blankets. Even the stairway was pressed into service at night to accommodate the braves. As many as a hundred Iroquois once stayed for three days as guests.

One chief, in gratitude for the kindness shown, proposed to exchange names with Logan. This was a common practice among Indian friends. Logan answered that although he could not use the Indian name himself, he would give it to the little stream which flowed through his grounds. The creek still bears the name of Wingohocking. The Indian, however, did adopt the name of his host, and the name of Logan the chief became a famous one in history.

One day a painter and glazier, named Thomas Godfrey, came to work at Stenton. Although he was poor, he was a man of remarkable mind, and a great student of mathematics. While working on this occasion, he noticed the reflections in a piece of glass, and a great idea came to him. To see whether his idea was practical, he left his work and went into Logan's library. There he took down a volume of the writings of Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the laws of gravitation.

Logan came in, and seeing the workman with such a learned book in hand, was astonished. He asked Godfrey some questions. Godfrey explained his idea, which was to construct an improved instrument by which navigators could determine their latitude from

observing the sun. It was known as the quadrant. Logan assisted Godfrey in every way to complete his invention. Though circumstances gave to another man the credit, it is pleasant to think that so many sailors and passengers have owed their safety to the idea which was worked out at Stenton.

Logan's Book. Stenton Preserved.—All important visitors who came to Stenton were invited to see Logan's library, of which he was very proud. It was probably the largest collection which America could boast at that time, for it contained three thousand volumes, English, Latin, and Greek. His sons did not care for reading, so Logan willed the collection to the city of Philadelphia, and it was called the Loganian Library. The books are now in the great building at Broad and Christian Streets.

As time went on, Logan retired more and more from public affairs. As his Indian friends put it, he "was hid in the bushes." Even after he had passed the age of seventy, however, his influence remained powerful with the Indians, who gratefully remembered their friend. When Indian treaties were being made, Logan's advice was asked. His greatest pleasure was to read in his library, surrounded by rows of beloved books. To the last, he could read without spectacles, nor did his brown hair turn gray.

In 1777, when the British captured Philadelphia, several of the fine country places around the city were destroyed. Stenton, which had been Washington's

headquarters, came near sharing this fate. Several soldiers came to the house while the family were absent, and announced to the servants that they intended to burn it. They went into the barn to gather straw for that purpose.

While the soldiers were searching the barn, an old negro woman, one of the servants of the Logan household, saw a fresh party of British arriving at the gate. She went to them and found that they were on a hunt for deserters. This was her chance. "There are some deserters hiding in the barn," she informed the leader. At once the new arrivals rushed into the barn, seized the men whom they found there, and carried them off in triumph. How the old woman laughed as they rode away!

Lord Howe had occasion to be thankful that Stenton was not burned, for he made his headquarters there just before the battle of Germantown. After the Revolution, many distinguished visitors entered its hospitable door—the French Minister Genet (who caused so much trouble), Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and President Washington.

Now the famous and beautiful house, nearly two hundred years old, is owned by the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames, and is kept in good condition and open for visitors. It stands near the station at Wayne Junction, and is well worth a visit.

CONRAD WEISER.

1696-1760.

THE GREAT INTERPRETER.

"The poor Indian should not be wronged."

The Germans in New York.—During the eighteenth century, Germany was a battleground for most of the wars of Europe. Many poor Germans saw their crops destroyed and their houses burned. They found little difference between soldiers and robbers—indeed, robbers would often have been more merciful. Thousands of farmers fled from their home-land, some taking ship directly to America, others going to England.

CONRAD WEISER. FROM SKETCH FOUND IN YORK, PA., BY H. DIFFENDERFER. COPY IN POSSESSION OF HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA. ONLY PORTRAIT IN EXISTENCE.

The English government tried to settle many of these Germans, or "Palatines" as they were called, in the colony of New York. There, it was thought, they could make a good living raising hemp for ropes and getting tar from pine-trees. Both ropes and tar were needed by England for her ships.

The Germans who thus came to New York settled near Albany. They did not prosper, and many nearly

starved. Governor Keith of Pennsylvania heard of their plight. He invited them to come to his colony, and promised them good land. A company of these Germans therefore cut a road through the woods to the Susquehanna. In rough boats they floated down the rocky river to the mouth of Swatara Creek, which they followed up to the beautiful Lebanon Valley, where they settled along Tulpehocken Creek.

Weiser and the Indians.—One of the Germans who came to New York was named Weiser. He had a son named Conrad, a sturdy, independent lad. Conrad helped his father in supporting the family, but after three years' trial, they, in company with other Germans, removed to another neighborhood.

This removal made matters worse. The family had almost nothing to eat. The Mohawk Indians, friendly to whites, then lived in that section, and one of them offered to take Conrad into his wigwam for the winter. As it would mean one less mouth to feed, the father sent Conrad there. The lad learned the Mohawk language during that winter, but he often wished himself back in his own poor home. "I endured a great deal of cold," he said, "but by spring my hunger much surpassed the cold." He did not then foresee how valuable his knowledge of Indian language and customs would become.

Conrad did not long remain at home after his return from the camp of the savages. His father grew so stern that when the youth was eighteen years old

he left home to make his own way in the world. Conrad remained in the neighborhood, built a cabin, and earned a good income by selling furs. For fifteen years he spent as much time with Indians as he did with whites.

Weiser Meets Shikellimy, The Iroquois.—Meanwhile Weiser's family had removed to Tulpehocken Creek, and there Conrad finally followed them. In his new home he continued his hunting expeditions. On one of these journeys he met an Iroquois Indian named Shikellimy.[1] This redman was delighted to find that Weiser could speak Mohawk, and the two became great friends.

Several Indian tribes, of whom the Mohawks were one, then occupied the central part of New York, from the Lakes to the Hudson. They were banded together to form the Iroquois league. They were strong, fierce warriors, and lived in a position of such advantage that their friendship was courted by both French and English. Not only were the Iroquois powerful in themselves, but they also controlled several other tribes which they had conquered, particularly the Delawares and the Shawnees in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania, however, had never thought of the importance of the Iroquois. The dealings of William Penn and his successors had been entirely with the Delawares. The Iroquois, however, now decided that they would more strictly oversee the affairs of the

[1] Shi-kel'li-my.

Pennsylvania Indians, and sent a chief to live at the forks of the Susquehanna and look after such affairs. This chief was Shikellimy, whom Weiser had met.

Weiser Becomes Interpreter.—Shikellimy complained to the Governor of Pennsylvania that the trade in liquor was causing the ruin of the Delawares and Shawnees. The Governor then asked him to come to Philadelphia to discuss the matter. When he arrived, he brought with him Weiser, as interpreter, for Shikellimy could neither speak nor understand English. He called Weiser "an adopted son of the Mohawk nation."

James Logan saw the value of an honest man like Weiser who could render service to the colony. Accordingly Weiser was made the agent for Pennsylvania in dealing with the Iroquois. Weiser thus represented both the Indians and the whites. Each side had confidence that he could be depended upon. Not many instances of this kind occur in our dealings with the redmen.

"Conrad Weiser," declared the Iroquois, "is a good, true man, who will speak our words and not his own. He and Shikellimy are the only two messengers who shall go between the Six Nations (the Iroquois) and the sons of Onas (Penn). Their bodies are to be equally divided between the Indians and the white men, one half to each."

The duties of Weiser as interpreter were not confined to translating words from one tongue into an-

other. He had to give advice as to the best course to pursue in various cases, make journeys to the Indian villages, keep both sides informed of important matters, and, in short, carry out all details of Indian affairs. For nearly thirty years Conrad Weiser was consulted whenever such business came up, and that was frequently, indeed.

Pennsylvania tried to get many chiefs, drawn from all the Iroquois tribes, to come to Philadelphia to make a great treaty. It was hard to induce the Indians to come so far, but at last more than a hundred chiefs suddenly appeared, at a time when smallpox raged in the city. The colony was taken unaware. What should be done with the visitors? Weiser suggested taking them to Stenton, the home of James Logan, who was then acting as Governor. His advice was carried out, and the Indians were much pleased to be entertained at the Governor's own home. They signed a satisfactory treaty.

Indian Affairs of Other States.—Weiser now entered into the Indian affairs of Virginia and Maryland. The Iroquois claimed that these two colonies should pay them for lands west of the mountains, over which the war-trails of the Northern Indians had been made. Their claim was poor, but Weiser saw it was best to humor them a little. War between the French and English might break out at any time, and the result of the conflict in America would depend largely on the friendship of the Iroquois.

Through Weiser's influence Maryland sent presents to the Iroquois and promised to arrange for a treaty. Virginia, however, displeased the redmen by taking no notice of their claim. A fight occurred, moreover, between a party of Iroquois and some Virginia settlers. Several fell on each side, and the Indians prepared to send a large band of warriors to attack the Virginians. As the savages would have to pass through Pennsylvania to do this, both colonies were in danger.

Naturally, Weiser was called upon to arrange matters. He went to the home of Shikellimy, and there met representatives of the Iroquois, whose anger he soothed, and secured their promise to do nothing against Virginia. Many lives were thus saved. Weiser also arranged for a meeting between Maryland and Virginia commissioners and the Indians.

This meeting took place the next year (1744) at Lancaster, then but lately founded. At first the commissioners from the other two colonies thought that Weiser might favor the Iroquois too much, but when they saw how the Governor of Pennsylvania trusted him, they said no more, and all parties concerned came to a good understanding. To Weiser might truthfully be given the name which Henry Clay later received—the Peacemaker.

Weiser in the Ohio Valley. The Logstown Treaty.—The French and the English had long been at odds in America. Now the French were rapidly pushing

their influence southward, so as to confine the English to the country east of the mountains. They built forts, made treaties with the Indians, and tried to keep out of the Mississippi Valley all English traders and explorers.

Weiser, through his Indian friends, kept informed of the French movements. He saw the importance of securing to the English the country "at the forks of the Ohio," as they then called the region where Pittsburgh now stands. That spot was the key of the Ohio Valley. Should that vast region belong to the French or the English? A few years might decide. He urged upon Pennsylvania the need for making friends with the tribes along the Ohio. This would be easier to do since those tribes were mostly in alliance with the Iroquois.

In the summer of 1748, Conrad Weiser began a journey to the Western tribes. He took a train of pack-horses loaded with presents. Along the "Tuscarora Path" he travelled to the Juniata River at Standing Stone, now called Huntingdon. Then by way of Clearfield the expedition reached the Allegheny River. There they left their horses, and in canoes floated down to Logstown, a large Indian village where Economy now stands.

Weiser had come among Indians strange to him, and he used every means of which he could think to impress them. Several tribes were to take part in a meeting for which Weiser had arranged. On the day

when their deputies were expected, he raised the English flag on a pole and invited all the Indians to drink the King's health. When the deputies arrived, Weiser and his men fired salutes in their honor. Ceremony, he knew, was dear to the Indian heart.

At the conference were represented all the tribes controlling the Northwest Territory (the land north of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi). Weiser spoke pleasantly and persuasively to each tribe and laid out a heap of presents for each. He won their favor. "The white men," said the Indians, "have tied our hearts to theirs. Look on us as true brothers."

The Logstown treaty not only gained the support of the Western Indians in case of war with the French, but also opened to the English the fur trade of the whole Northwest Territory. Unfortunately, the English threw away the advantage which Weiser had gained. The various colonies concerned either made conflicting laws about trading, or failed to regulate it at all. So the fur trade gradually drifted back to the French, whose single government gave no such cause for offence.

Trouble with Squatters.—The squatters who located their cabins on ground which the Indians had reserved for their own hunting caused much trouble. The Indians particularly loved the Juniata country, perhaps for its beauty, and certainly for its good deer-hunting. They insisted that they would keep this for themselves, and that if Pennsylvania could not

keep her citizens from settling there the Indians would dispose of the squatters with arrow and tomahawk.

Pennsylvania therefore bought from the redmen a tract of land, extending through the present coal

BURNING THE SQUATTERS' CABINS.

regions of Pottsville and Mauch Chunk to the Water Gap, for her restless inhabitants to settle. She warned all white men to move out of the Juniata country, but no one went. Then Conrad Weiser and some others were sent to enforce the law. They went through every valley, forced the squatters to move

their goods out of their cabins, then burned the cabins. It was an unpleasant but necessary duty. One of those thus driven away was Simon Girty, who obtained an evil fame afterward as a leader of Indians against the colonists.

The squatters, however, came back to the Juniata in time, and it seemed that no force could keep them out. Pennsylvania therefore bought that region from the Iroquois. When the Delawares living on the land asked the extent of the purchase, they were deceived. They soon found, however, that more of their lands had been taken than Pennsylvania had allowed them to believe. They became enraged, and the anger of the chiefs was increased by the selling of rum among them, which Pennsylvania would not limit.

Weiser objected to these causes of offence. "Don't take all the land the treaty gives you," he said to the Governor. "The Delawares have been deceived. Take nothing except the land which they understand has been sold, and leave the rest, to escape trouble." There spoke an honest and wise man. Weiser found that the very justices of the peace, whose duty it was to keep down the liquor trade with the Indians, were selling rum to the redmen. To one of these rascals he exclaimed, "The best thing for the Indians would be for the Governor to discharge you and all others of your kind, and put in men who are not whiskey traders."

Pennsylvania's Indian War.—Soon the savages took a bloody revenge for the disregard of Weiser's advice. As soon as the news of Braddock's defeat spread among the Indians, the Western tribes hastened to attack the English. Many years before, the Delawares had been conquered by the Iroquois, who made them "women," as the Indians said—that is, forbade them to engage in war without permission from their conquerors. Now many of the Delawares shook off the yoke of the Iroquois, and declared that they were "women" no longer.

Some of the Indians who had been with Braddock's army came to Philadelphia, brought by Conrad Weiser. They were friends to the English, but had no praise for Braddock. "It was the pride and ignorance of that great general who came from England which caused our defeat," they said. "He looked upon us as dogs, and would never listen to us, though we endeavored to advise him. Don't give up fighting, but don't let those that come from over the great seas be concerned any more; they are unfit to fight in the woods."

Weiser managed to keep the Indians of eastern Pennsylvania true to the whites, but the western savages swarmed upon the frontier, which then was the Susquehanna. They burned many a log cabin and took many a scalp. John Harris, the old trader who lived at the ferry where Harrisburg is now located, went with a party to bury some of the dead,

but the Indians attacked him from ambush and killed half his men. He retreated to his house, cut loopholes in it, and prepared to hold out to the last.

Colonel Weiser.—When Conrad Weiser heard of this attack he sent messengers to alarm his neighbors at Tulpehocken. They gathered about his house and made him their commander. Soon he had a force of nearly five hundred men. "We agreed," said Weiser, "to engage the enemy wherever we should meet them, never to inquire the number, but fight them." The Governor sent him a colonel's commission, saying: "I have not time to give you any instructions, but leave it to your judgment to do what is most for the safety of the people." He knew that Weiser could be depended upon to act, and to act promptly.

It was the first Indian war in Pennsylvania's history of seventy-five years, and caused great terror. The colony decided to build a line of forts near the Blue Mountains. Benjamin Franklin took charge of those built near the Lehigh, and Conrad Weiser of those between the Susquehanna and the Schuylkill. Weiser enlisted soldiers, and bought arms and supplies, advancing the money himself. In short, when anything needed to be done to protect that part of the frontier, Weiser was the man who looked after it.

The Pennsylvania Assembly, however, though glad enough to have this service done, did not trouble itself to pay Weiser's bills after the war was over. For three years his accounts lay unsettled. Weiser

wrote: "I have found by experience that new debts are suffered to grow old ones, and old ones are never paid, which is but poor encouragement for faithful servants to the Government." At last Weiser's counsel was badly needed. When he was asked to come to Philadelphia, he declined to do so until his bills were settled. The colony promptly paid the money.

The French offered a reward for Weiser's scalp, but Weiser prevented any bounty on scalps being paid by the English. He knew that if this were done, some lawless frontiersmen would kill friendly Indians for the money. Since Weiser aimed at justice to all Indians, and protected those who did not fight against the English, the rougher men among the border settlers threatened to shoot him. Thus he had enemies on both sides, but the old man's heart was stout, and he continued to carry out what his conscience told him was right.

End of the War. Weiser's Death.—Many of the older men among the Delawares remembered the kind treatment which the Quakers had given them in years gone by, and wished that the war would cease. Paxinosa,[2] head of the Shawnees at Wyoming, and several Delaware chiefs, persuaded Teedyuscung, the war-chief of the fighting Delawares, to agree to bury the hatchet.

The Governor and Teedyuscung held a conference at Easton. Weiser brought a guard of soldiers for

[2] Paxinosa Inn at Easton is named after the chief.

the Governor and acted as interpreter. It took two more years, however, to make a final peace.

Weiser now was over sixty years old. His work was almost done. New York had jealously forbidden him to act any longer in Iroquois affairs. He was still honored in his own State, but two years later, before England finally triumphed over France in America, he died at Womelsdorf, near Reading, and was buried there. "He has left no one to fill his place," said one of his old associates. "We are at a great loss and sit in darkness," declared an Iroquois orator. If all white men had been as just and friendly to the Indians as was this Pennsylvania German, the history of our westward advance might have been spared some bloody chapters.

ROBERT MORRIS.

1734–1806.

FINANCIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"It is the duty of every individual to act his part in whatever station to which his country may call him in hours of difficulty, danger, and distress."

The Firm of Willing and Morris.—One day, almost thirty years before the Revolutionary War broke out, an English vessel sailed up Chesapeake Bay and landed at a little Maryland town a boy of thirteen. Mr. Morris, his father, had come to America as an agent for buying tobacco and shipping it across the Atlantic, and had left his son Robert in England until prospects seemed favorable. Now the motherless Robert had come to rejoin his father.

ROBERT MORRIS.

Though Mr. Morris was delighted to see the sturdy lad, he realized that the little Maryland town was not a good place in which to educate a boy; so Robert soon was sent to Philadelphia. A friend of Mr. Morris agreed to look after Robert in his education and then secure him a position.

Robert easily mastered his studies, but did not care to continue long at school. In a year or so his friend found him a place in the business of Mr. Charles Willing. Robert liked the business, and attended so well to his duties as clerk that his employer was much pleased. As soon as Robert Morris had come of age, Mr. Willing made him a partner and turned over his own share to his son Thomas.

Soon the firm of Willing and Morris became one of the most famous and most trusted in Philadelphia. They traded with the West Indies and with Europe. Long before the Revolution broke out the two partners became wealthy men. They were regarded as among the foremost people in the city.

The Stamp Paper.—In October, 1765, an English merchant vessel, accompanied by a royal war-vessel, and filled with "the horrible stamp paper," as patriots called it, sailed up to Philadelphia. All the other ships lying there put their flags at half-mast, to show distress. The bells of the city rang slowly and sadly, as though for a funeral. Negroes were paid to go through the streets beating drums hung with crape. At the State House a great meeting was held to decide what should be done.

A committee of seven lawyers and merchants, with Robert Morris at its head, was chosen to visit John Hughes, who was to sell the stamps. Although Mr. Hughes lay sick in bed, Morris and his friends would take no denial. They reasoned with him, and

at last obtained a promise that he would sell no stamps until the people gave him leave. It was well that Hughes promised, otherwise the mob would probably have torn down his house.

The next month four hundred Philadelphia merchants, among whom were Morris and Willing, agreed that until the hated Stamp Act should be repealed, they would import no goods from England. This would hurt business, but Morris and his fellow-merchants put their patriotism above their purses.

Morris in Congress.—Robert Morris was not anxious for war. Like Washington, he hoped that matters would be settled peaceably between England and America. When war did come, however, he was not backward in serving his country. As soon as the news of Lexington arrived, the Pennsylvania Legislature, then called the Assembly, appointed a Committee of Safety. Of this committee Morris was one, and he helped greatly to get powder and fire-arms, to organize troops, and to fortify the Delaware.

While still serving on the Committee of Safety, the Assembly elected him to Congress. Here his knowledge of commerce and navigation made him an important member. America needed ships, and Congress decided to launch five as a regular navy. Morris was put on the naval committee. He also received charge of procuring the cannon, muskets, and ammunition for both the navy and the army.

Money, money, money was needed for all these

things. Soon Congress fixed upon Morris as the man to get the needed cash. This proved to be his great work. No other man in Congress, probably, could have done it so well, and he was not relieved from it while the war lasted.

Still Morris hoped that England and America would not separate, and that this fighting in the North would not lead to a great conflict. When the Declaration of Independence came up in Congress, Morris and three out of the six other Pennsylvania delegates voted against it. On the famous Fourth of July when the Declaration was finally approved, Morris, knowing it would pass, stayed away from Congress. The other Pennsylvania delegates who voted against it lost their places, but Pennsylvania could not spare Robert Morris. He signed the Declaration a month later, though he had not ceased to think that the action of Congress was hasty.

Congress Flees from Philadelphia.—When Washington, that same year, retreated from the British across New Jersey, Congress in a fright fled to Baltimore, and left Morris, with two other men, in charge of its affairs. Howe's soldiers had taken post in Burlington, and would soon, it was said, appear at Cooper's Ferry (now Camden). Many of the citizens left Philadelphia. The two men who were to assist Morris did not appear, and the whole weight of business fell upon him.

Robert Morris stuck faithfully to his post. The forts below the city needed to be finished. Obstructions were to be put in the river. The ships of the new national navy still lay unfinished in the Kensington yards. Morris set the citizens who remained to help the workmen finish the ship-building. He removed great stores of needed articles from Philadelphia to Lancaster and other towns, to put them out of the enemy's way. In every way possible this faithful merchant carried forward the work which Congress had committed to his care. He was really the ruler of the city.

Morris Keeps the Army Together.—While all was bustle and hurry in Philadelphia that December, and Lord Howe waited patiently for the Delaware to freeze, so that his army might cross, Washington made his Christmas present to the British by his attack at Trenton. This surprised the English commander, but did not greatly trouble him. "When the New Year comes, and the time of the soldiers is up, Washington's unpaid army will melt away," thought Howe.

Morris thought so too. "You might as well attempt to stop the wind from blowing as stop them from going," he wrote to John Hancock, who was President of Congress. Washington, if any one could prevent them, would be able to do so; but even he could not attempt the impossible. By promising ten dollars extra pay to each soldier, he prevailed on his

men to stay six weeks longer; but they must have the ten dollars immediately. On the last day of the year Washington sent to Morris for the money.

Early in the morning Robert Morris was astir. He went to the houses of his friends, mostly Quakers, and roused them from their beds. "What news so early, Robert?" said one of these. "General Washington needs hard money, and I must send it to him at once," replied Morris; "I would like you to lend me so much," and he mentioned the amount. "But what is thy security, Robert, for this large sum?" "My word and my honor," was the answer. "Thou shalt have it." One man's word and honor meant much just then to the American cause. Shortly after sunrise 50,000 dollars went to the commander-in-chief. It put fresh spirit into Washington's army. They crept around the rear of the British and defeated part of their forces at Princeton. Hope sprang up again in patriotic hearts.

COLLECTING MONEY FOR THE TROOPS.

Other Services of Morris.—After the battle of the Brandywine there remained no hope of saving Philadelphia. The Congress, which had returned from Baltimore, fled once more, this time to Lancaster, then to York. The Liberty Bell was hauled away to Allentown, where it was hidden under the floor of a church. General Lafayette, who had been wounded, was taken to Bethlehem. To Lancaster went the State officials, and Morris travelled thither also. Now John Hancock announced that he must give up the presidency of Congress, and Robert Morris was asked to take the office, but declined, as it would leave him no time at all for his private business.

Washington with his army lay encamped at Valley Forge. Congress appointed Morris, with two others, to visit Washington and to ask him to send out a winter expedition against the British in Philadelphia. Morris and his committee went to Valley Forge; but no one who saw the freezing, starving men lying in their miserable huts could expect such an army to do more than to remain in camp and watch that the British did not surprise them. After Morris had made his report, Congress said nothing more that winter about marching out the Continentals to attack the well-fed British in their comfortable city quarters defended by ten forts.

Again, a couple of years afterward, Robert Morris came to the help of Washington in an emergency. The troops sorely needed lead. Pipes and eave-

spouts of that metal had all been melted, and lead was quoted at fifty cents a pound. Judge Peters, who lived at Sweet-Briar Mansion, had been asked by the General to get bullets for the army, but he knew not where to find what he needed. While troubled over this matter, Judge Peters went to a dinner-party where he met Robert Morris. "Why so gloomy?" asked Morris. When the Judge explained his worriment, Morris joyfully exclaimed that the problem could be solved. One of his ships had just come in with ninety tons of lead in her hold. The two friends at once left the party and soon had a hundred men at work making cartridges. In the morning a large supply of ammunition was ready for Washington.

Continental Money. Morris the Financier.—While Washington struggled with the problems of his army, Congress struggled with the money question, and made a bad failure. "Continental money," as it was called—worthless paper without any coin in the treasury to back it up—went down, down, down in the estimation of the people. The less it was worth, the more Congress issued, until a hat cost 400 dollars and shoes 125 dollars. In Philadelphia a number of disgusted men formed a parade. They wore the bills as decorations on their hats, and led along a miserable dog coated with tar and stuck over with the "Continental money." It seemed that the cause of liberty would fail for lack of cash.

It was necessary to do something. The old Treas-

ury Board of Congress must go out of existence, and some one able man must be given control of financial matters. Some persons wished Alexander Hamilton to take this post; but Hamilton himself proposed Morris, and Congress by a unanimous vote made Morris Superintendent of Finance. Until the end of the war, Morris had power to appoint and dismiss all employees in his own department, and could even fix their salaries. No one else connected with the government possessed such extensive powers, but Congress was willing to do much in order to keep the services of such a man. "My hand and my heart shall be with you," wrote Washington to him.

One of Morris's first great opportunities in his new office came when Washington, who had been threatening the British near New York, decided to transfer his army southward to blockade Cornwallis. Morris paid a visit to the American camp and talked over with the General the possibility of the project.

Soon Washington with his tattered troops, accompanied by the French regiments in their bright uniforms, appeared in Philadelphia. Morris rode out to meet them, invited Washington, Count de Rochambeau the French commander, and all the prominent generals, to a fine dinner at his house on Market Street, then placed the house at their disposal as headquarters.

By tremendous exertions, Morris managed to provision the army during its march to Yorktown and

during the long siege that followed. He borrowed money which the Count de Rochambeau had brought to pay his own soldiers and gave it to the Americans. He advanced every shilling of his own money, and borrowed all he could get from his friends on his own credit. He secured flour from New York and Pennsylvania, cattle from New England, rice and sugar from the South, and fed the troops who watched Cornwallis. At last Yorktown fell, and Morris saw the captured British flags passing through Philadelphia streets to the State House, where they were presented to Congress.

Hard Money. The Bank of North America.—Meanwhile Congress, not satisfied with giving Morris one responsible office, gave him another, superintendence of the navy. This enabled him to get money from foreign parts with greater ease. For two years every Continental ship was at Morris's call. The control of the navy aided him much when he came to establish a national bank.

When Robert Morris took charge of the financial affairs of the United States, he saw at once that a national bank was absolutely necessary. Without it, the worthless Continental money could not be put aside. It would make a real union among the States in their money affairs.

Morris called on the governors and legislatures of the various States, on all the army officers, and on business men in general to subscribe for the stock

of the bank. No persons bought shares except a few of Morris's friends in Philadelphia. Even General Washington sent word that he was too poor to buy, that he had had to sell some of his land in Virginia to pay the taxes on the rest. There was no hope of getting money enough from Americans to start the bank.

Fortunately, just at this time, Congress had succeeded in getting France to send over some hard money. While Washington was pouring shot into Yorktown, the ship bearing the coin arrived at Boston. So many English ships were near the coast that it was unsafe for the ship to come to Philadelphia. Now the money must be gotten to Philadelphia, through a country which contained many English troops.

Morris at once despatched two trustworthy men to hire teamsters and bring the treasure, which amounted to half a million dollars. The coins were packed in great oak boxes, with lids strongly nailed down. Each box weighed a ton. The big chests were set on the axle of a cart from which the body had been taken, and were fastened to the axle and tongue of the cart by iron straps welded tight by a blacksmith. Four oxen, led by a horse, tugged each cart along. The carts journeyed by a secret way, guarded at dangerous points by parties of soldiers. Each teamster carried a musket and bayonet, so that he might fight if attacked.

Nearly two months passed before Morris saw his two messengers again, but at last, one November day,

the slow oxen dragged the treasure into Philadelphia. Half of the money was immediately used to start the bank. On the last day of the year 1781 Congress created the "Bank of North America," and in a week the bank began business on Chestnut Street west of Third. It is still at the same place, though more than 130 years have passed; and all its officers and directors are very proud of its long honorable record.

The First Mint.—Not only was there little gold or silver money in the country, but also what money there was held different values in different States. All the coins then circulating were foreign. Some were English and some French, but Spanish dollars appeared most frequently among the people. The value of these dollars was reckoned in shillings. A silver dollar brought five shillings in Georgia, but across the line in South Carolina, it was worth thirty-two shillings. It was really the value of the shilling that differed in these States, for the dollar did not change. A North Carolina shilling had still another value, and that of Virginia was yet different. All this made endless confusion in money affairs.

In the same month when the Bank of North America opened its doors, Morris reported to Congress that a mint should be established. "The ideas annexed to a pound, a shilling, and a penny," he said, "are almost as various as the States themselves." The new mint could coin money which would be of one kind and one standard. In 1782 Congress estab-

lished the mint, and some money was coined, but because of expense the keeping up of the mint soon ended for the time.

Morris After the Revolution.—After the war ended, Morris felt that he could lay down the heavy burden of providing money for the government. The various States had done almost nothing to pay expenses during the last years of the Revolution, and only Morris's appeals to foreign countries had enabled the nation to succeed.

Morris, as a member of the Second Continental Congress, had voted for the Articles of Confederation, but with no great expectation that they would prove satisfactory. The form of government which they established was too weak to command the respect of the States. A Federal Convention, composed of delegates from the various States, assembled in 1787, and Morris, as a Pennsylvania delegate, had the pleasure of nominating his friend General Washington for presiding officer.

The Convention framed the Constitution, which was ratified by the States, and Pennsylvania chose Robert Morris as one of her two Senators. While in the Senate he aided Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, to work out the first United States tariff bill, which brought in much revenue to put the government on a firm foundation. When his term ended, his friends asked him to take a second term, but Morris refused, for private affairs needed attention.

The Homes of Morris.—The homes of Morris might have tempted any man to give up public life. There was a city house at Sixth and Market Streets, so large and comfortable that when Philadelphia in 1790 became the capital of the United States, President Washington came to live in it as the most suitable mansion. The country house was still more desirable.

Before the Revolution, Morris had bought a farm by the Schuylkill. There, on a hill (now called Lemon Hill), overlooking the beautiful river, he erected a stone mansion. His land stretched from the place where Girard Avenue Bridge stands to the point where the old Fairmount Water Works were later built.

It was a beautiful estate, with all sorts of farm-buildings and several dwelling-houses upon it. The grounds around the mansion contained many kinds of beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers. In the hot-houses skilful gardeners raised oranges and pine-apples. There were the first icehouses which any home in the United States possessed. Robert Morris called his country-place "The Hills," and said: "It is a spot as beautiful as most places in the world."

Morris owned also a large farm nearly opposite Norristown, and a great tract of land, almost twenty times as large as the whole of Philadelphia is now, at the "Falls of the Delaware," opposite Trenton. Here he built another fine house and put up a dozen different kinds of mills and factories. A settlement grew up at the spot, and the town was called Morris-

ville. Robert Morris hoped, but in vain, that the capital of the United States would be established there, instead of on the Potomac.

Congress, however, voted to put the new city of Washington in a spot which was then a wilderness, and to fix the capital at Philadelphia for ten years, to give opportunity to clear off the land along the Potomac. Morris then decided to build a great new house, the finest in the country. He bought an entire block in Philadelphia, between Seventh and Eighth, and Chestnut and Walnut Streets, and engaged as architect the French officer who later on laid out the city of Washington.

Failure and Imprisonment.—Morris was regarded as the richest man in America. He himself did not know how much he was worth, he was engaged in so many speculations. In the expectation that under the new government, emigrants would flock to America and land would greatly rise in value, he bought vast tracts in the "backwoods"—Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia. At one time or another he owned nearly all of the western part of New York.

But Morris had been too hopeful. Land did not rise quickly in value. He and his partners could not sell their properties. They could not pay their debts. The great marble house on Chestnut Street swallowed up much money. It was never finished, never even completely roofed. Morris's land began to be seized because he could not pay the taxes upon it.

At last came the crash. His debtors sent constables to serve writs upon him. To escape these, Morris shut himself up at "The Hills." There his only safety on occasional walks near his home was to look sharply lest the constables come and find him. Almost every day some debtors personally visited the house, and with some of these Morris talked from the second-story windows. Several times officers stayed all night near the house so as to catch Morris if he should take an early morning walk. Others threatened to break in with axes and hammers.

The unfinished marble house on Chestnut Street was sold; now the sheriff finally took possession of "The Hills" and sent Morris to prison for debt. Almost all the furniture was seized; it was hard to keep enough enough to furnish a little cell. In the prison on Prune Street (now Locust) it seemed that Morris would end his days. By the laws of that time, a debtor could be imprisoned until he could pay his creditors—and how could Morris pay?

One comfort remained to the great man in prison. Washington, though head of the nation, did not forget his unfortunate friend. He could not liberate Morris, but after his term as President closed, he came to the prison and dined there with him. The same year, yellow fever broke out in the city. The disease swept through the prison. Mrs. Morris and her daughter continued to visit the prison every day, though at last they had to walk between piles of

coffins to reach Morris's room. Fortunately the fever passed the Morris family by.

At last after three and a half years, Congress passed an act by which, if the creditors were willing, a man could be released from prison on condition that he was declared bankrupt and not capable of owning property again. A debt of three millions of dollars stood against Morris, but in consequence of this act of Congress he finally regained his liberty.

The former rich man was now penniless, reduced for support, at the age of nearly seventy, to the aid of his family and friends. One of his friends finally arranged with a company which had bought some land from Robert Morris that Mrs. Morris should receive a small income each year as long as she lived. This enabled her to keep her husband in comfort until he died a few years later. When Lafayette revisited Philadelphia in 1824, Mrs. Morris still lived, and to her he paid his first visit. He, like Washington, had not forgotten his former friend.

It is sad to think that a man who did so much for his country should at last have done so badly for himself. If we had had no Robert Morris there would probably have been no United States. His mind, his time, his private fortune, were at the service of America. There was no truer patriot. It was his confidence in the quick growth of the young nation that ruined him. Our land owes a great debt to the Financier of the Revolution.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

1745–1796.

THE GENERAL OF THE BAYONET.

"It is not in our power to command success, but it is in our power to produce a conviction to the world that we deserve it."

Wayne Plays Soldier.—At the time when General Braddock was defeated near Fort Duquesne, there lived in Chester County a boy named Anthony Wayne. Those were troubled times. Fierce war raged between the French and the English, and Indians came on their raids far into the east of Pennsylvania. Anthony often saw frightened families who passed his home in their flight toward Philadelphia.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

Anthony's father had been an Indian fighter and an officer in the militia, and Anthony himself was a true chip of the old block. He attended a school kept by his uncle, who wrote to Mr. Wayne about Anthony: "One thing I am certain of, he will never make a scholar; he will perhaps make a soldier; he has already distracted the brains of two-thirds

of the boys under my charge by rehearsals of battles. Some are laid up with broken heads and black eyes."

On receiving this letter, Mr. Wayne told Anthony that lessons must be learned, and the boy, like a good soldier, obeyed his superior officer. He studied so hard that before two years had passed he had learned all which his uncle's school could teach him. Mr. Wayne, pleased by his son's diligence, then sent him to an academy in Philadelphia, where Anthony mastered figures so well as to fit himself for a surveyor.

The Young Surveyor.—Just as Washington had done a few years before, Wayne went out into the wilderness to use his compass and chain in surveying and mapping the land. Through the day his work led him through the beautiful mountains, and at night he rolled himself in warm blankets and slept by a blazing fire.

Through his surveying work, Wayne became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin. At the end of the French and Indian War, Franklin, with other persons, formed a company to send out settlers to Nova Scotia, which England had just gained from France through the war.

Wayne, who then was but twenty years old, became manager of the affair. He surveyed the new lands, attended to the needs of the settlers, and transacted the business of the company, doing it so well that everyone wondered at his ability. After two years, however, the disputes between England and

her American colonies made Franklin's company decide to give up the undertaking. Wayne returned to Pennsylvania, married, and set up a tannery at his old home in Chester County.

Beginning of the Revolution.—As the troubles of the colonies increased, Wayne became sure that the end would be war. He studied every book on military tactics that he could find, and devoted every spare day to drilling the young men of the neighborhood. So popular did he grow, that great numbers of men flocked to learn everything of warlike art that he could teach them.

Wayne's hard work attracted notice by persons outside his home county, and after the famous day of Lexington and Concord, in 1775, he was made a member of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, which directed the preparations of the colony for war. Among his friends on the Committee were Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris.

Wayne continued his hard work, and soon was recommended by all the rest of the Committee to be colonel of one of the regiments of soldiers which were being raised by Pennsylvania. Congress agreed to this; so Anthony Wayne became Colonel Wayne of the Continental Army.

The new colonel, now thirty years old, was a man worthy of commanding troops. He was tall, handsome, and extremely careful to be well dressed, not because of especial vanity, but because he knew that

a slovenly man is not apt to do good work. Colonel Wayne never spared his own work or that of his men, but he and Washington agreed that a neatly dressed soldier was worth two of rough appearance.

With his Pennsylvania soldiers, Colonel Wayne took part in the Canada campaign, and did some hard fighting. Then he was sent to take charge of the fort at Ticonderoga, which Ethan Allen had captured "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." This post was not to Wayne's liking, although he was made a general at the time. Open fight, not garrison duty, suited him, and he begged leave to join Washington's army.

Wayne Becomes a General. The Massacre of Paoli.—Wayne finally gained this permission, and came to Washington's headquarters at Morristown, in the hills of New Jersey. There General Wayne received command of eight Pennsylvania regiments. They were in rags, badly armed, and ignorant of their duties, but Wayne soon gave them knowledge and confidence. His great idea was to teach his men to depend on the bayonet and stand up to the British attack, instead of firing and running away. Until the Americans could learn this lesson, Wayne felt they could not hope to beat their enemy.

When Washington marched south to keep Lord Howe from capturing Philadelphia, Wayne went with him, and fought bravely at the battle of the Brandywine, although in the end the Americans were forced

to retreat. Washington then posted Wayne to watch the British and annoy them, in order to allow the rest of the army time to prepare for meeting the enemy again.

Wayne believed that the British did not know his whereabouts, but a Tory disclosed the information, and a force twice as large as Wayne's set out to surprise his camp. Stealthily the English crept upon the camp. Many of Wayne's soldiers were asleep until the cry "Up, men! the British are upon you!"

More than sixty Americans were stabbed to death by the British bayonets; this was called the Massacre of Paoli, from the place where it occurred. It was an unfortunate affair, though it was not Wayne's fault. He managed to march away most of his men in good order, and joined Washington again.

The Battle of Germantown. Valley Forge.—At the battle of Germantown, which took place only two weeks later, Wayne's troops had a chance to make a bayonet attack upon the same soldiers who had rushed into their camp at Paoli. "They took ample vengeance for that night's work," said Wayne. Lord Howe himself rode up as the British were being driven back, and called out: "For shame, light infantry; I never saw you retreat before!" but he could not check their flight. Wayne was delighted to see his Pennsylvanians beat the British at their own style of fighting.

In the thick fog of that early morning, however,

some of the Americans fired upon Wayne's men, thinking they were English, and made them retreat in their turn. This threw the patriot forces into disorder, the British advanced, and the battle was lost. Wayne did not complain or despair, as did others. "Upon the whole," he said, "it was a glorious day. I am confident that we shall give them a total defeat in the next action." There spoke the true soldier spirit.

Before another battle, however, came the terrible winter at Valley Forge, where the miserable troops died by hundreds for want of proper clothing. Wayne did everything in his power to better the conditions of his men. Regularly he visited every hut in his encampment, but the pitiful sights he encountered made him declare: "I would prefer to go into a battle myself every week rather than see my men suffer thus." He spent much of his own pay in buying cloth for their needs.

Wayne was too valuable to be allowed to stay in camp all the time. When the army needed supplies of food, Washington sent his trusty general on a foraging expedition to New Jersey. Wayne had a sharp brush with a British party that was out on the same errand, but, needless to say, he brought back the supplies. When Wayne had an errand to do, one could be sure that if it were at all possible, the errand would be well done.

Battle of Monmouth. Capture of Stony Point.—The winter wore away at last, and again the Continental

army took the field. Lord Howe decided to abandon Philadelphia. Washington followed him across New Jersey and caught up to his retreating columns. The British were in strong force, however, and fully prepared for battle. Should the Americans attack?

Washington held a council with his generals. Lafayette and most of the others declared it would be well to avoid attacking such a strong force. It came the turn of Anthony Wayne. "What would you do, general?" said Washington. Wayne rose to his full height, and briefly but firmly answered, "*Fight,* sir!"

He did fight, that scorching June day on the field of Monmouth! With their bayonets, his men drove back the English cavalry who tried to ride over them. Then, to save the day after General Charles Lee had traitorously ordered a retreat, Wayne was placed to keep off the British until Washington could bring back the rest of the army.

To break Wayne's line came the best English troops, the grenadiers, chosen for their strength and bravery, but although they charged until some of them fell dead from mere heat and toil, they could not drive Wayne from his position. Their leader was killed, and they gave up the attempt. Washington, in writing to Congress his report of the battle, mentioned by name no officer except Anthony Wayne, who surely richly deserved the honor.

Wayne's next exploit was the most famous of all his daring deeds. Stony Point, on the Hudson, had

been seized by the British. This would make it hard for the Americans on the opposite sides of the river to keep up communication. Washington wished to

CAPTURE OF STONY POINT.

capture the strong fort which the British had built at the Point. For such a task there was no better man than Wayne; and Wayne was chosen.

After most careful and secret preparations, Wayne, with thirteen hundred men, made a bayonet attack on the fort at night. As the soldiers rushed toward the fort a bullet struck Wayne in the head. He fell, but cried "March on!" and called to some of his men, "Help me into the fort. Let me die at the head of my column." In a few minutes the fort surrendered, and the joy of the soldiers was increased by finding that Wayne's hurt was not serious. The whole country now talked of the deed. Some of the envious officers in the army had called Wayne "Mad Anthony" in spite, but now he was called by that name in admiration of his bravery.

In the capture of the army of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Wayne took a part. We must remember that this surrender did not end the war, though it was the last great event before peace was declared. The brave general's work was not yet finished. He was despatched south to take Georgia out of British control. There he fought with Indians as well as British, cooped the regulars up in Savannah, and finally forced them to sail away. The State of Georgia gave to Wayne a rice plantation in token of gratitude.

Wayne in Ohio. His Death.—After the Revolution it might have been thought that there would be peace, with no need to call again on "Mad Anthony," but, in the land which is now Ohio, the Indians, urged on by the British, continued to kill the settlers. General St. Clair led a force against the savages, but they sur-

prised him and gave him a bad defeat. This was the greatest triumph of Indians over white men since the defeat of Braddock.

There was great danger that the United States would lose the territory beyond the Ohio River. President Washington put Wayne into command of the army, and after a time spent in drilling his men, Wayne met the Indians in the battle of the Fallen Timbers, in Ohio, and entirely defeated them, under the very guns of a British fort, whose commander did not dare to give the Indians any assistance. After this victory the British agreed to abandon the forts on American territory which they had been defiantly holding ever since the close of the Revolution.

Wayne made a treaty of peace with the Indians which was kept for fifteen years—a long while for such treaties to last. As he returned to Philadelphia, the cavalry troops of the city met him as a guard of honor. When he crossed the ferry over the Schuylkill at Market Street, a salute of fifteen cannon was fired, and the bells of the city rang. The people crowded the sidewalks and shouted for joy to see their brave general. Congress voted to Wayne its thanks. The same year, however, he died, and his body now rests in St. David's Churchyard at Radnor.[3]

While we admire and celebrate the bravery of

[3] Wayne County in Pennsylvania is named after the hero, and Fort Wayne in Indiana is near the spot of the battle of the Fallen Timbers.

Wayne, it is well to remember that the honors which came to him were really earned by his hard work. The soldiers entrusted to his command were mostly untrained when he received them, and needed diligent instruction and constant practice to make them good troops. The glory of the battles he fought depended on the wearisome work of drilling men for months and years previously. Mere personal bravery on Anthony Wayne's part could not have brought about the results he achieved.

JOHN BARRY.

1739–1803.

HERO OF OUR INFANT NAVY.

The First Captain of Our Navy.—A few years before the treaty of peace which ended the French and Indian War, a fifteen-year-old Irish boy ran away from home and came to America to seek his fortune. He became a sailor on the ships of various Philadelphia merchants. He was tall, strong, capable, and trustworthy. With such advantages of person and character, it is not surprising that the merchant who employed John Barry soon made him captain of a small vessel which traded with the West Indies.

JOHN BARRY.

For ten years Captain Barry held command of various trading vessels. At last he became commander of one of the finest ships which Philadelphia sent out. One October day he returned from a voyage to England. It was his last voyage for awhile as a merchant sailor. That very day the Continental Congress resolved to fit out two armed cruisers to capture vessels bringing supplies to the British army

in Boston. In December they were ready, and Congress made Barry captain of the larger one, the *Lexington.* He had the honor of being the first captain in our infant American navy.

In April, 1776, the *Lexington* sailed out into the ocean, and in a few days Barry returned with an English war-vessel, the first prize brought in by the Continental navy. For the rest of that year he continued to hover around the entrance of Delaware Bay, hindering the British from getting supplies, protecting the American ships which passed up and down the river, and capturing a vessel now and then from the enemy. Had Barry himself been caught, it is probable he would have been hung as a pirate.

Barry's New Command. Operations on the Delaware.—Congress now reorganized the Continental navy, and built thirteen new vessels, one for each of the States. Barry received command of a ship carrying twice as many guns as the *Lexington.* The fleet, however, was of little use just at this time. The British had captured New York, and Washington retreated across New Jersey. The fleet was kept near Philadelphia to prevent, if possible, the entrance of the British into that city.

As soon as he knew that his services would not be needed for cruising, Captain Barry raised a company of Philadelphia volunteers for land service and joined Washington on the west side of the Delaware. He and his men helped in rowing the boats across the icy

river on that night when the Hessians were surprised at Trenton.

Philadelphia was saved for almost a year. When, after the battle of the Brandywine, the British at last entered the city, some of the American vessels went up the river and Barry was made commodore of those that remained below the town. Here, for six weeks, together with the fleet which Pennsylvania fitted out, he kept the English vessels from coming up the Delaware. When the Hessians attacked the fort at Red Bank, Barry had a sharp fight on the river with the British, who lost two ships.

At last the English proved too powerful for the Americans. Fort Mifflin had to be abandoned. The patriot vessels were forced to retire and leave the fort at Red Bank to its fate. Only one safe place for the American ships remained; that was the upper Delaware.

The British were watching at Philadelphia to oppose such an attempt; so the Americans decided to try it at night. The Pennsylvania fleet passed safely, but when Barry, with his Continental vessels, tried to pass on the following night, the British were more wide-awake. Barry, with three or four of his vessels, got through; the rest were burned by their crews to prevent their capture by the English.

It now seemed that the remaining ships were in great danger from the English. Commodore Barry prepared to defend the only two large vessels which

he had, and fitted out some smaller boats to aid in this. "Don't give up the ship!" was his motto, as well as that of Captain Lawrence. In spite of his preparations, however, he was ordered by Congress to sink the ships just below Bordentown, and he unwillingly did so.

The Battle of the Kegs.—Now Barry was a commander without a command. His brain could not stay idle, and he was unhappy unless devising schemes to annoy the British. An inventor proposed to send down the river kegs filled with powder and arranged so as to explode upon touching any object, in hope that they would blow up some of the English ships. Barry heartily approved the plan.

One winter morning two youngsters at Philadelphia noticed a keg floating in the river. They rowed out to it, but when their boat jostled the keg, it burst and killed the poor boys. The next day several more such kegs made their appearance. The British were greatly scared at the "rebel device." All the ships began to fire at the kegs and aimed at even every drifting log. They continued to spend their ammunition until all the terrible kegs had been shattered to pieces.

Even the friends of the British could not help laughing at the fright which the English displayed. The affair was called the Battle of the Kegs. It was a comic occurrence; but it made the enemy feel that the Americans above the city were active, and per-

haps kept General Howe from thinking about attacking Valley Forge.

Barry's Row-Boats. The "Raleigh."—There were better ways in which Barry could annoy the invaders. His vessels had been sunk, but row-boats remained. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," thought the brave Irishman. One February night he came down the Delaware with a couple of boats. They slipped past the British fleet at Philadelphia with no damage, although a few muskets were fired at them.

When day broke, Barry was far past the city. He was joined by three more such boats. His plan was to cut off some of the craft which were bringing British supplies up the river. Soon he saw a schooner, carrying several cannon and escorting two vessels loaded with supplies. Barry and his men rowed straight for them, and sprang aboard the schooner so fiercely that the terrified English fled from the deck and the three vessels were taken without any bloodshed. A number of English warships were coming up the river, however, and Barry hastily burned the supply-vessels, then fled with the schooner. British men-of-war also appeared ahead. He ran the vessel ashore, took out some of the cargo, and left her.

For Barry's gallant service he now was made commander of the frigate *Raleigh,* which was lying at Boston. Her former captain had just been removed for cowardice; but Congress knew that Barry would

never be guilty of that fault. Barry's cruise in the *Raleigh* was short. The very day he sailed from Boston, two British ships caught sight of the frigate. For two days he dodged them, but at last had to fight. One ship was much larger than the *Raleigh*, the other of about the same size. After a hot conflict, Barry ran his vessel ashore on an island off the Maine coast. With most of his crew, he escaped to land.

The Famous "Alliance."—Barry next received one of the swiftest and best ships which the American navy possessed, the *Alliance*. In the *Alliance* he carried to France Colonel Laurens, our special envoy to that country. On his return voyage, two British ships attacked him. They were not large vessels, but they had one great advantage. It was a calm day. The *Alliance* lay like a log upon the water. The smaller English vessels put out sweeps or great oars, and crept to such position that the American guns could not bear upon them.

Captain Barry was wounded in the shoulder, but stayed on deck until nearly fainting from loss of blood. The flag of the *Alliance* was shot down, but the patriots had no thought of surrender. At last the wished-for breeze sprang up, and as soon as the *Alliance* could move freely, her broadsides made the English quickly give up the fight.

The captain of one British vessel had been killed. The other captain came aboard the *Alliance* to surrender his sword. Barry received the sword while

sitting in a chair. He then returned it, saying, "You have merited it, sir. Your King ought to give you a better ship. Here is my cabin at your service. Use it as your own." The brave man could appreciate bravery in others.

THE OTHER CAPTAIN CAME ABOARD THE "ALLIANCE" TO SURRENDER HIS SWORD.

Through the last years of the war the *Alliance* kept in constant activity, capturing prizes, carrying money for the use of Congress, watching over the safety of American merchant vessels. It was the *Alliance* that fought the last naval battle of the war, and fought it after the terms of peace had been agreed

upon. The terms of the Peace of Paris, which closed the war, were decided in November, 1782; but it was nearly a year later when England and America finally signed the treaty.

In the spring of 1783 the *Alliance* left Havana, where Barry had come in order to carry back to the United States a large sum in coin. With the *Alliance* was a much smaller Continental ship, also carrying money. Off the Florida coast three British men-of-war chased them. The smaller American ship was no swift sailer. In order to give her a chance to escape, Barry ran the *Alliance* between her and the foremost English cruiser. A sharp conflict followed, which obliged the British vessel to sheer off. The other vessels took no part in the fight.

The Spanish dollars did not get to their port without more adventure. Barry aimed to come into Philadelphia, but just outside the Capes two more British ships suddenly loomed out of a fog. By her swiftness the *Alliance* got clear, but it was too dangerous to try again the passage of the Delaware. Barry succeeded in arriving safe at Newport.

This was the very end of the war. That month Congress ordered the recall of all war-vessels that were cruising about, and the next month (April) Washington issued to the army his famous Farewell Address.

The *Alliance* was sold, and became a merchant vessel. Her brave commander rested for awhile at his

Philadelphia home, then returned to his peaceful voyages on behalf of the merchants whom he had formerly served so well. He had not yet, however, rendered the last of his public services.

Barry and the Constitution.—The Confederation was not a good form of government for the country. The Convention of 1787 decided that a new government was necessary, and framed our present Constitution. This was to go into effect when nine States had agreed to it. The country was in a dangerous state for lack of a strong government, yet many did not approve of the new Constitution.

The Pennsylvania Assembly (Legislature) debated the question of calling a State convention to decide whether to approve the Constitution. Those opposed to the Constitution asked for delay until the afternoon of the same day. When afternoon came, so many of those members were absent that no business could be done. The Assembly sent for the absent members, but they refused to appear.

"If there is no way of compelling those who have deserted from duty to perform it, then God be merciful to us," said the Speaker. But there was a way, and Barry was the man who found it. Two members were needed to make a quorum. The Assembly met next day, but no quorum was present. Suddenly a crowd of men, led by John Barry, rushed into the hall, dragging two of the runaway members.

The reluctant arrivals asked to be allowed to go,

but the Speaker replied: "The House does not approve of rough conduct, but since you are now here, the business of the State cannot be accomplished if any one is suffered to withdraw." One of them tried to rush out again, but Barry and his friends held him back. The Assembly then began its business and fixed the date of the State Convention. The people cheered, and the bells of Christ Church rang out. When the Pennsylvania Convention met, it approved of the Constitution. Barry had done his part to give the nation a strong government.

Barry as Commander of the Navy.—For ten years after the end of the Revolution, the United States was a nation without a navy. But, in 1794, the outrages of Algerine pirates, the impressment of our seamen by England, and the capture of our vessels by France stirred Congress to order the building of several war-vessels. Barry became commander of the new navy.

In order to hasten the building of the ships, each was begun in a different city. The vessel at Philadelphia was given to Barry's command, and he superintended the work upon her. Congress did not hurry matters, however, and the hull was not launched until England renewed her injuries to our commerce.

At last the ship, which had been on the stocks for three years, glided into the water—the first vessel of our new navy. An immense crowd rejoiced at the sight of the powerful and swift frigate. She was christened the *United States*. All saw in her the

sign of freedom from English insult. The *United States* lay in the Delaware for a year before being completely fitted out. The famous Paul Revere cast some of her cannon. When she was in war-trim, matters changed, and it was against the French that she was sent.

Commodore Barry, with the whole United States navy, was ordered by President Adams to spend the winter of 1798 in cruising about the West Indies. He was to capture or destroy all French armed vessels. On board his ship were several young officers who became famous in the War of 1812. Most noted were Lieut. Charles Stewart, who later commanded the old *Constitution,* and young Stephen Decatur, who destroyed the *Philadelphia* in Tripoli harbor.

Barry's fleet did good service. It protected our commerce with the West Indies, which then was extensive. It captured many French privateers and retook several American vessels held as prizes. When Jefferson became President his ideas differed from those of Adams. He wished to do without a navy, if possible. In 1801 he called back our fleet.

This ended Commodore Barry's service upon the sea. For two years more, failing in health, he lived in Philadelphia. At his death, his body was laid in the churchyard of St. Mary's, on Fourth Street below Walnut. His faithfulness to duty, his activity and courage, should make the gallant Commodore one of the foremost figures in our early naval history. He has often been called the father of the American navy.

THE ALLIANCE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Those were the days wherein we flung defiance
  Unto a tyrant monarch and his henchmen.
We asked for friendship, France gave her compliance,
And hence we called our vessel the Alliance,
  In honor of the noble-hearted Frenchmen.

The ocean cormorants fled before her path;
  Her wing, descried afar, was fearful omen;
Full oft her desolating vengeance hath,
In the great tempest of her iron wrath,
  Sent a wild shudder through the hearts of foemen.

Though she awhile the doubtful Landais* bore,
  It was her glorious privilege to carry
The pennant of Paul Jones, the Commodore,
The pride and terror of the sea and shore,
  And his, the hardy and intrepid Barry.

And when the war was o'er she laid aside
  The latest vestige of the past commotion,
To all the winds of commerce, far and wide,
Shook out her sails for other realms untried,
  And brought home treasure from the farthest ocean.

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* The French captain Landais, in command of the *Alliance*, accompanied Paul Jones in the "Bonhomme Richard" when Jones had his famous fight with the "Serapis." In this conflict Landais acted the part of either a coward or a traitor.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

1750–1831.

THE STERN BENEFACTOR.

Girard's Boyhood.—Near the city of Bordeaux in France lived a sea-captain named Girard. He had a little son named Stephen. One day, while Stephen was playing about the room, some one threw an oyster-shell into the open fire. It cracked; a piece flew across the room and put out Stephen's eye. The other boys of the neighborhood often made fun of the one-eyed lad. This and the sternness of his parents soured Stephen's disposition. He became sullen and gloomy.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

At last Stephen could no longer bear to live at home. When but fourteen he took a place as cabin-boy on a vessel, and for nearly ten years led the life of a sailor or mate. During this time he studied navigation, and finally, though young, became captain.

He sailed to the West Indies, then to New York, where he entered into partnership with an American merchant. Girard made voyages to the West Indies for his firm. It was a dangerous time for American

ships to be upon the ocean. The Revolution had begun, and English vessels were thick along the coast.

Girard Settles in Philadelphia.—One night in the spring of 1776 Stephen Girard's craft was overtaken by a storm. The ship drove before the gale until Girard heard waves upon the shore. He cast anchor and waited for morning. When light appeared, the fog was so thick that no one could tell just where the ship was.

Girard fired a cannon as a signal. Soon a pilot-boat appeared out of the mist. "Where are we?" asked the captain. "You are in Delaware Bay," answered the pilot. "I wish to go to New York," said Girard. "It can't be done," was the reply. "The British ships are swarming outside. You escaped them because of the fog; but as soon as it disappears they will see and capture you. You must sail up to Philadelphia."

Stephen Girard saw that the advice was good. He went to Philadelphia, sold his vessel, and made his home in the city. On Water Street he set up a small store. He had no friends, and could speak English but poorly. Still his business ability was so great that everything he touched seemed to turn to gold; and he was willing to engage in all affairs that offered a profit.

In a few years Girard owned several vessels, and by 1790 they had made him a rich man. Then he began to build a splendid fleet of ships. They were

the pride of Philadelphia. Every ocean saw the Girard fleet. All persons talked of Girard's good luck, for he seldom lost a vessel; but the merchant himself said: "Good luck means that I know my business."

Once, when the United States was again troubled by the British, a ship owned by Girard was returning from a voyage to the East. She carried a rich cargo. In Delaware Bay, almost within sight of home, an English war-vessel captured her. Girard heard of this misfortune almost immediately.

Instead of sitting down to bewail his loss, he set off for the place where the vessels lay. He drove a bargain with the British captain, and bought back his ship for $180,000. Then he brought her to Philadelphia and sold the cargo for $500,000. It was hard to beat Stephen Girard.

The Yellow Fever.—In the summer of 1793, a plague of yellow fever spread through Philadelphia. It was a deadly disease, and swept away whole families. Eleven persons died in one house within a day. Philadelphia was then the largest and busiest city of the nation, but at the coming of the plague business stopped. Congress moved to Germantown, President Washington and his cabinet left the city, and most of the people followed their example.

One out of every five who stayed in Philadelphia died. Churches and schools closed their doors. Half the houses stood empty. Those who ventured to walk

abroad held over their nostrils handkerchiefs soaked in vinegar, and avoided shaking hands with any one. Grass grew high in the main streets. Carts passed through the streets to carry the bodies of those who had perished, and the drivers cried at intervals, "Bring out your dead!"

CARRYING YELLOW FEVER PATIENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

The disease itself was horrible and filthy. The sick were gathered into hospitals, but these, unlike the hospitals of to-day, added to their misery. They were mere barns where patients lay crowded together in a disgusting condition, without proper care. Nurses could not be secured even at high wages, for to nurse the victims of yellow fever meant almost certain death.

The mayor asked for volunteers to form a Committee of Safety, which should do whatever seemed possible for the health of the city. Only twelve men

answered the call; one of them was Stephen Girard. Two of the twelve offered to serve at the hospital. These two heroes were Girard and Peter Helm. Both had wealth, and might have fled from the city to live in safety and comfort elsewhere; but they nobly chose to help their fellow-men.

Of these two brave men, Girard was the one who took the post of greatest danger—the interior of the hospital. There, for two months, he spent a large part of the day, nursing the patients. No money could pay for such services, and Girard wished no return. Moreover, this hero went with his own carriage to the houses where the sick lay, entered, carried out the patients in his arms, and drove with them to the hospital. At last cold weather broke the fever, and the citizens who had fled returned. Business once more began, and with reviving business the fortune of Stephen Girard increased.

Girard as a Banker.—In 1811 the charter of the Bank of the United States ran out. The Bank had been chartered for twenty years only; now Congress refused to give it a new charter. Girard already owned much of the stock; now he bought it all, secured the same building, and in 1812 opened "The Bank of Stephen Girard." The building still stands, on Third Street below Market. Just as Robert Morris was the financier of the Revolution, so Stephen Girard was the financier of the War of 1812. Without Girard and his Bank, the war could not have been maintained.

We should have had to make a disgraceful peace with England.

In the year 1814 the British entered Washington and burned the capitol. The prospect for the Americans was gloomy. The army and navy could not get sufficient supplies. The government had no money, and apparently could secure no more. Many persons in New England were trying to induce these States to secede from the Union.

The government needed five million dollars. It offered very high interest, but almost no one was willing to lend money. The last day for subscribing to the loan came, and only twenty thousand dollars, a pitiful sum, had been paid in. What could be done? "I will subscribe the rest of the five millions!" said Girard; and he did so. He staked his whole fortune on his trust in the United States. Few other men would have done the same.

Americans in general did not trust the government. At the end of the war the credit of the government was poor. Its notes were considered as not much better than the old Continental money. Those who received payment from the United States refused to take its bills, and demanded hard cash. The government could not get coin enough.

Girard came again to the rescue. "I will take treasury bills for all money due to me," said he; "or, if it is more convenient to the United States, you need not pay me until times improve." Girard's example

shamed the other merchants; they accepted the paper money of the government, and all went well.

Character of Girard. His Death and Will.—In spite of Girard's free public use of his money, few persons admired or liked him. His features were plain, his speech was broken, and his manner was rough. He lived his life apart from other men. He had no children, and his wife became insane. In work lay his greatest pleasure. "When I rise in the morning," he said, "my only effort is to labor so hard, that when night comes I may sleep soundly."

Girard refused to give money or food to those who begged at his door or on the street. He treated his clerks with harshness, and never paid them a penny over their set wages. Yet he was kind to his dog and horse; children loved him, and he showered favors on his relatives.

At the age of eighty Girard was the richest man in America. Now he considered what use he could make of his fortune. "No man," he observed, "shall be a gentleman on *my* money." He determined that most of his wealth, about six million dollars, should be given to establish a college for orphan boys. He employed a celebrated lawyer to draw up his will. It was one of the most remarkable ever made.

The same year Girard was knocked down by a carriage. His head and face were cut and bruised; but Girard wasted no time in pitying himself. "Go on, doctor, I am an old sailor; I can bear a great deal,"

said he to the physician who dressed his wound. He lived nearly three years after his will had been made.

At Girard's death there was a scene of wild excitement. His relatives and others rushed to his house, entered it, drank his wines, and searched for money. When the lawyer read the will, the relatives felt bitterly disappointed. They tried to break the will; but it was expressed in such clear language that this could not be done.

Girard's Charities.—The splendid buildings known as Girard College now shelter and educate sixteen hundred boys. No boy can be admitted unless he has lost a parent. Within the walls of the college such a boy receives a complete education under the best of care. "I would have them taught facts and things rather than words and signs," wrote Girard. No better use of money could be made.

Beside this great charity, Girard left half a million dollars to improve the water-front of the city. His fleet had helped to increase the importance of Philadelphia as a seaport; but he saw that the completion of the Erie Canal, which had taken place six years before, would give New York a great advantage. Therefore he gave this large sum for building and repairing wharves, clearing and deepening the channel, and improving the streets along the river. One of our finest streets bears the name of Girard Avenue, but it would be as fitting to call Delaware Avenue by that name.

Girard did not forget the schools of his city. For their benefit he left ten thousand dollars. The interest of this is still divided among the public schools which lie in the old city—that part of Philadelphia which is between Vine and South Streets. This money buys books for their libraries, and may be employed in other ways desirable for their use. Another considerable sum was provided for building a school in Passyunk Township, near Girard's country house. The school was finally turned over to the Board of Education, is still called the Girard School, and is one of the largest in the city. It stands at Eighteenth Street and Passyunk Avenue.

Many other charitable or necessary objects were remembered by the famous will. $300,000 were left to the State for the improvement of canals. Knowing the terrible loss from fire among frame buildings, Girard provided money for doing away with all such buildings in the city. The government of Philadelphia long ago forbade any more such structures being erected, but even to this day any one who pulls down an old frame house or building receives a sum of money from the estate of Stephen Girard.

ROBERT FULTON.

1765–1815.

THE SUCCESSFUL STEAMBOAT-MAKER.

"There is nothing impossible."

The Boy with Ideas.—In the year of the Stamp Act Robert Fulton was born on a farm at Little Britain, Lancaster County. Like so many other celebrated men of our State, he was of Scotch-Irish race. While Robert was yet a baby, Mr. Fulton sold his farm and moved to the town of Lancaster, where, a couple of years later, he died.

ROBERT FULTON

Mrs. Fulton had little money to support her five children, and her work left little spare time. Still, she managed to teach Robert at home, so that he could read, write and "cipher." At the age of eight he began to attend school, and made fair progress, but showed more interest in drawing and the use of tools than in his school studies. Mrs. Fulton remarked to his teacher that Robert was not doing so well as he might. The teacher replied, "I've done my best, but Robert says his head is so full of new ideas that there is no room in it for learning from dusty books."

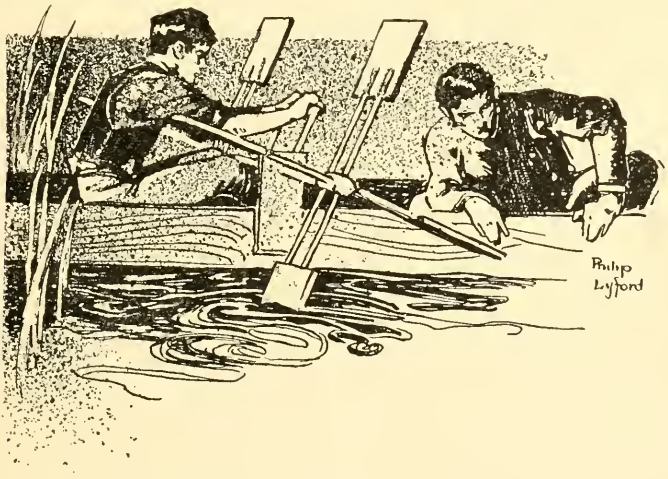
When Robert was thirteen, the citizens of Lancaster wished to light up the town on the evening of the Fourth of July. It was in the midst of the Revolution; candles were scarce and so was money; so the town council frowned on the idea. Robert considered that a pity, and thought out a plan for sky-rockets to light up the heavens instead of the earth. "That is impossible," said a friend. "No, sir," answered Fulton, "there is nothing impossible." The lad did his best to make that saying true.

The Paddle-Wheel Boat.—In Lancaster lived a clever man named William Henry, who had thought deeply about the steam-engine which James Watt had invented in England. Mr. Henry made a paddle-wheel boat to be moved by steam, and before Robert Fulton was born, tried his little steamboat on Conestoga Creek. It did not go well; then by some accident it sank, but though no one believed in the idea, Henry kept on thinking and experimenting. Though he did not live to see it, he thought there would come a day when steam-vessels would be thick upon the Ohio and the Mississippi.

Robert, who was interested in drawing and painting, used to visit Mr. Henry's home to view pictures made by Benjamin West, a former Chester County boy who had gained great fame as an artist. The boy must have known of Mr. Henry's thoughts about steamboats. Little did Mr. Henry dream his young visitor

would be the one to make them successful and popular.

Robert loved to go fishing on Conestoga Creek. The clumsy old boat which he used was hard to pole along and rowing proved equally difficult. Robert adopted a scheme of which he had no doubt learned from Mr. Henry, and placed paddle-wheels in the boat. Then he and his chum could sit comfortably, and yet make the boat travel by turning a crank. Per-



ROBERT AND HIS CHUM COULD SIT COMFORTABLY AND YET MAKE THE BOAT TRAVEL.

haps he thought how much faster the craft would go if he could apply steam-power instead of boy-power.

Fulton as an Artist.—Robert loved drawing even more than fishing. He hammered bits of lead into the shape of pencils, for few pencils were then made of graphite as they are to-day. By the time he reached the age of seventeen, he used his pencils so well that he went to Philadelphia and supported him-

self by art for four years. He sketched and painted portraits and landscapes and made drawings of machinery. So well did he work that at twenty-one he returned to Lancaster with money enough to buy a small farm for his mother.

The young man had kept so closely at work that his health suffered. To recover, he visited a hotel in the mountains. There he met some gentlemen who were so much pleased with his paintings that they advised him to go to England, where Benjamin West would no doubt help him to succeed.

Fulton followed the advice of the gentlemen, and twenty years passed before he returned to his own country. Benjamin West, although successful and famous, had not allowed his good fortune to take away his kindness. He received the unknown young man pleasantly and at last took Fulton into his own home, and instructed him in art. Fulton stayed for several years with Mr. West, and being thus favored, made many friends.

Robert Fulton was fitted to attract others. His appearance was pleasing. His form was tall, yet graceful, and his features handsome. Fulton's broad forehead and large dark eyes showed a quick and intelligent mind. In conversation he expressed his own thoughts instead of echoing those of others, yet he avoided dispute and loved cheerfulness. Of his temper he had complete control. "Nature had made him a gentleman," said one who knew him well.

Fulton as a Civil Engineer and Statesman.—After leaving Mr. West, Fulton travelled about England for some time as an artist, but, after all, he preferred invention to art. For many months he lived in Birmingham, where he could study many kinds of machines. He became a civil engineer, found profitable employment, and patented several machines which came into use. At this time canals were becoming popular. Fulton thought that for hauling goods they much surpassed turnpike roads. He invented inclined planes to carry canal-boats over the mountains. These planes have continued to be used until now on at least one canal, the Morris and Essex in northern New Jersey. Having secured from England a patent on various inventions to improve canals, Fulton went to France to patent and introduce them there. France and England were old enemies, and were then at war. They maintained large fleets of war-ships to destroy each other's commerce.

Not only was Fulton an artist and an inventor, but also a statesman. He had often reflected upon the best course for nations to follow. "Nations should not be selfish," he said. "The hurt of one is the hurt of all. Trade on the ocean should be free. War is a great mistake. Let nations spend upon education and useful arts the money which they now lavish on fleets and armies."

Instead of allowing freedom of trade upon the seas, the nations of Europe were trying to bar each

other from this. England and France were the chief offenders. Fulton feared that the United States would feel compelled to imitate them in building a great war-fleet which would burden the country with taxes for no good end. He set himself to invent a cheap way of making war-ships useless.

The Torpedo and the Submarine Boat.—The idea of the moving torpedo came into Fulton's mind—that by clockwork a machine carrying a quantity of powder could be sent through the water to blow up a vessel. "If we can thus destroy war-ships far more easily than they can be built, perhaps the nations will stop building them," he thought. But Fulton could not make his torpedoes move as he wished. Then he invented a "plunging-boat" which could sail upon the surface or dive below it. By this means he hoped to fasten torpedoes on the bottoms of ships.

The diving boat worked well. Fulton took down with him compressed air which he used as needed, and found that he could stay under water for several hours. A hole at the bow, covered with thick glass, gave enought light for steering by compass. Fulton called his boat the Nautilus. With his "submarine bombs" or torpedoes he blew up a small vessel, and promised that he would do likewise with the British ships that were then blockading the French coast.

The English, however, got wind of Fulton's endeavors, and though he watched a whole summer, the ships kept at a safe distance. The French govern-

ment came to the conclusion that Fulton was better at promises than at deeds. Now the English government invited him to cross the channel and show what he could do. As Fulton cared no more for one nation than the other, he agreed to come to England.

Experiments in England and America.—England then called herself "the mistress of the seas." It could not be expected that she would sympathize with Fulton's plan of driving all war-ships off the ocean. Fulton explained his ideas and blew up a vessel, that went to pieces, as he said, "like an eggshell," but England was not willing to adopt his inventions. The government wished, however, that he should keep them secret, so that no other country could destroy British strength.

For keeping his inventions to himself England was willing to pay Fulton well, but the inventor declared: "I never will consent to keep them secret should the United States need them. Were you to grant me twenty thousand pounds a year, I would sacrifice all to the safety and independence of my country." Affairs with England, therefore, came to no result.

Weary of these disappointments, Fulton departed to his native land. As soon as he arrived, he journeyed to Washington to persuade the officers there that his inventions had value. James Madison, then Secretary of State, favored his plans. The Government allowed him some money, with which he carried

out experiments from an island in New York harbor.

For more than three years Fulton carried on at various times his trials of torpedoes. The machinery needed was so complicated that he could not make the torpedoes work perfectly. Time after time they failed to do what he expected, but, to his credit as a man, no failure could discourage him or throw him into a passion. Though machinery broke or would not work, though clumsy workmen made his labors vain, though his own strength gave out, not an angry word nor a complaint ever came from his lips.

Fulton and Livingston. The Steamboat on the Seine.—Perhaps Fulton might have succeeded better with his torpedoes had he given his whole attention to them. Experiments with a steamboat, however, now filled most of his time. The idea of moving vessels by steam had been in Fulton's mind for many years. Many had thought of such a scheme and had built boats to carry out their plans, but none had been successful enough to keep such a vessel in use.

While Fulton lived in France he met Robert R. Livingston, a rich man of New York, who was much interested in steamboats. Livingston had already built one, but it proved to be a failure. The two men agreed to join forces. Fulton's knowledge of machinery was far greater than Livingston's, but Livingston had wealth and influence which could bring an invention before the public.

The two friends shared the expense of building a

steamboat. Fulton did the calculating, planning and directing. It was set afloat upon the river Seine, but the hull was so light, and the engine so heavy, that waves caused by a storm broke the vessel apart and it sank.

When the news reached Fulton he rushed to the spot, and for twenty-four hours worked with his own hands, without rest or sleep, until the boat had been raised. At the end of that time he was so exhausted that he never enjoyed good health afterward, though pain or weakness never prevented him from labor.

After being repaired the vessel moved at last. In still water it went only a little faster than a man could walk, but it proved that travel in steamboats was possible. The French government, however, would lend no aid to the inventors, though the boat made frequent trips along the Seine.

The Clermont.—Livingston then wrote to his friends in New York. The State passed a law which gave to Livingston and Fulton the sole right to navigate steamboats on the waters which the State controlled. They were to have this right for twenty years, provided they would at once build a steam vessel which should travel at least four miles an hour against the current of the Hudson.

As soon as Fulton returned to America he ordered a steamboat to be built in New York. It was finished in the spring of 1807. Fulton called it the *Clermont*, from the name of Livingston's home near Albany.

Time passed while the machinery was being placed and little trial trips were being taken. It was not until August that Fulton was ready to set out on a voyage up the river, with a number of persons whom he had invited to try the new mode of travel.

The *Clermont* would have seemed to our eyes a queer boat. The paddle-wheels on the side were uncovered. The engine of twenty-four horse-power, which had been built in England, as our workmen were not skilful enough, also lay open to the weather. The boiler was set in masonry. The furnace was fed by pine wood, which threw out clouds of smoke and sparks from the long thin stack. Fulton provided masts and sails in case the Hudson tide should prove too strong for the engine.

The Steamboat Proves Successful.—Crowds assembled at the wharf to see the *Clermont* start. Few believed that it could make the journey. Most called it "Fulton's Folly." The wheels, however, revolved, and the boat left the city behind. The craft that met the *Clermont* after dark could not understand this roaring monster that moved against wind and tide. Some of the crews ran below deck, shut themselves in, and let their vessels drift as they might until the terrible danger passed.

At Livingston's home the *Clermont* stopped for a day, then resumed its voyage to Albany. The whole distance of one hundred and fifty miles was travelled in thirty-six hours, a rate of less than five miles an

hour—but it had been travelled, which was the great thing.

Throughout the autumn the boat continued its trips. There were various mishaps. Sometimes the machinery broke down. The captains of the sailing-vessels on the Hudson, jealous of the *Clermont,* ran into it purposely and smashed the wheels, so that Fulton put paddle-boxes over them. Passengers, however, were glad to use the new conveyance. For the trip to Albany they paid seven dollars, which included meals and berth.

During the winter, Fulton enlarged the *Clermont,* and built two new steamboats, the *Raritan* and the *Car of Neptune.* Now water travel by steam-power had regularly begun in America, several years before Europe made such use of it. The Legislature of New York promptly gave Livingston and Fulton an extension of their "monopoly." Fulton also secured patents from the United States, but so many persons, seeing his success, imitated his machinery and boats, that until his death constant law-suits were necessary to protect his rights.

Fulton now built steam ferry-boats to ply across the North and East Rivers. The New York street which crossed the island between these ferry-wharves has been called by Fulton's name. Soon other rivers saw their waters invaded by the steamboat. Four years after the *Clermont* began its voyage, a steamboat made the voyage from Pittsburgh to New Or-

leans. The steamer helped greatly in the settlement of the West. It was an American steamer, the *Savannah,* that first crossed the ocean.

The Fulton Steam-Battery. Fulton's Death.—When the War of 1812 began, the commanders of the British ships remembered Fulton's torpedoes and his submarine boat. They approached the American coast with great caution, and tried to find out where Fulton spent his time and what he was doing. Fulton, indeed, was at first too busy with other matters to think of annoying the English, but toward the end of the war he designed a floating steam battery to carry heavy guns which discharged red-hot shot. The sides of the vessel were nearly five feet thick so that the enemy's guns could not pierce them. Doubtless this vessel would have kept hostile ships away from that part of the coast, but before it was finished, war had ended.

Fulton never saw the completed vessel. During the late winter he had visited his works at Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, where the steam-battery was being built. For three hours he stood in the cold. On his return the Hudson was frozen, so that he had to walk for a considerable distance over the ice, through pools of water. While ill from this exposure, he became so anxious to know the progress of his battery that he paid the works a second visit, which gave him his death. The members of the Legislature wore mourning for six weeks. At his funeral a greater crowd of citizens assembled than had ever before been

witnessed on any such occasion. His body rests in Trinity churchyard, at the head of Wall Street, New York.

Fulton died a poor man. Though he had received much money during his life, the expense of the steamboats which he operated and the lawsuits in which he was involved swallowed it all. Fulton, however, had a soul above gain. He prized money only as it enabled him to make new experiments.

Fulton's True Fame.—The fame of Fulton has been gained mainly from his connection with the history of the steamboat. Many persons have credited him with being its inventor. Fulton neither invented nor built the first steamboat; but through his own industry, and the help of his friend Livingston, he did make the steamboat successful as a means of travel.

Few, however, know of Fulton's endeavors to improve canals and extend them, or of his plans to do away with ocean warfare and the burden which great navies lay upon the people. Torpedoes and submarine boats have been much improved since Fulton's day and have come into common use. They have not, however, driven warships off the seas, as Fulton hoped. The jealousy of nations still increases fleets and armies. But the day may yet arrive when Fulton's dream will come true, when the only fleets of the world will be those of peaceful commerce, and the money which nations formerly wasted on rival warships shall be applied to better purposes.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

1781–1851.

THE WOODSMAN OF AMERICA.

"To repay evils with kindness is the religion I was taught to practice, and this will forever be my rule."

The West India Planter.—In the tropical island of Santo Domingo lived a rich planter, named Audubon. His home was happy, and was furnished with every luxury. Slavery, the very cause of his wealth, proved to be the curse that broke up his life in the island. The French planters were compelled to be forever on watch lest the many negroes should overpower their few masters. A revolt did occur. The slaves murdered the planter's beautiful wife, but he managed to escape to New Orleans (Louisiana was then owned by France) carrying with him most of his money and valuables.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

With the planter came his little son, John James. They finally returned to France, where Mr. Audubon married again. He soon received an appointment as officer in one of the French ships which were aiding the Americans during the Revolution. The boy was

left under the care of his stepmother, in a beautiful town on the river Loire.

The Spoiled Boy.—We often hear that stepmothers behave cruelly to children who are not their own, but such was not the case in this instance. The new Mrs. Audubon spoiled the youngster, hid his faults, boasted of his fine qualities, and often declared to his face that he was the handsomest boy in France. All his idle wishes were satisfied. For instance, he had leave to run up a bill at any confectionery shop in the town. The boy's health and disposition began to be in danger of ruin from over-indulgence.

The father, like most naval officers, had strict ideas of discipline, but as he was still connected with naval affairs, the home seldom saw him. He ordered that John James should have the best education which the neighborhood could afford. The stepmother, however, allowed the son to do very much as he pleased. Instead of attending to his studies, most pleasant days found him roaming the fields. There he gathered many natural objects—nests, eggs, flowers, mosses, and minerals.

The Father's Way of Education.—Mr. Audubon returned from one of his voyages prepared to inquire into his boy's progress. John James exhibited his collections, with which the father was much pleased. "What else have you learned, my son?" was the next question. The boy hung his head. In the evening Mr. Audubon called for some music. His little

daughter played the piano, and the father, delighted, presented her with a handsome book. Now it was her brother's turn to play. Alas, his violin had lain untouched for a month. When he brought it out, two of the strings were broken. Mr. Audubon said nothing to reprove John James, but asked a few more questions as to his studies, then hummed a tune and left the room.

Early next morning father and son were in a carriage driving toward the port where Mr. Audubon's duties forced him mostly to reside. The father spoke no angry word during the long journey, but the boy knew that indulgence had ended. When they arrived, Mr. Audubon took his son's hand, and said calmly: "My beloved boy, you are safe now. I have brought you here so that I can pay constant attention to your studies. You shall have ample time for pleasure, but the rest of the time must be employed with industry and care."

So John James found it. There was no escape from his tasks. When the father's duties called him away, the boy was committed to the care of a secretary who was very severe. Once, displeased at being compelled to drudge over a hard arithmetic problem, young Audubon jumped out of the window and ran off through the garden. The secretary had seen his escape; in a few minutes appeared a guard, who took the boy on board the prison ship where offending sailors were kept. Here John James was surrounded

by such a vile company that he felt vile also. He did not obtain release until his father returned. It was a severe lesson.

By strict measures, the wise father undid the mischief which indulgence had caused. When lessons were finished, John James had plenty of leisure, however, and he continued to roam about the country. Especially did he delight in observing the habits of birds. He began to make drawings of them, and continued till he had finished two hundred pictures.

THE SECRETARY HAD SEEN HIS ESCAPE.

Audubon at Mill Grove.—When Audubon had grown to be a young man, his father informed him of a surprise. He was to live for a time in America. Mr. Audubon had bought an estate called Mill Grove, lying on the bank of Perkiomen Creek, just above its junction with the Schuylkill opposite Valley Forge. It was thought that travel would broaden the young man's ideas and help to form his character.

Audubon found Mill Grove a delightful place. He lived with the tenant of the place and received part of the rent-money for his personal expenses. Well supplied with cash, he had nothing to do but to enjoy himself. He hunted and fished, rode, painted, and played on the violin. No neighborhood party was complete without the handsome young Frenchman. With constant exercise in the fresh air he grew strong and active. His strong body proved of great value to him in after life. Among all his other amusements, Audubon did not forget his beloved birds. He studied and drew the American songsters as he had done with those in France.

A few months after the young man arrived at Mill Grove, he was told that an Englishman had bought the next farm as a residence. As France, led by Napoleon, was then at war with England, Audubon foolishly declared that he wished nothing to do with any one of that nation. Winter came at last, and Audubon chanced to meet the stranger while quail-shooting. He was forced to admire Mr. Bakewell's sure aim and his well-trained dogs. They fell into conversation and became friends.

The New Life in Kentucky.—As a consequence of this meeting, Audubon fell in love with his new friend's daughter. She was so young, however, and he so unbusiness-like, that four years passed before the parents allowed them to marry. The young couple then set out for Kentucky, where Audubon expected

to set up a store. They travelled to Pittsburgh by stage, being upset on the way so that the wife was seriously hurt. Then in a flatboat they floated down the Ohio to Louisville, where they settled.

Here they might have prospered in this growing State if Audubon had attended to business. His mind, however, was not on trade. "Birds were birds, then as now," he said afterward, "and my thoughts were ever turning toward them as the objects of my greatest delight. I shot, I drew, I looked on nature only. My days were happy beyond conception, and beyond this I really cared not. I seldom passed a day without drawing a bird or noting something respecting its habits, my partner meantime attending the counter."

The only feature of Audubon's business in which he took interest was an occasional journey to Philadelphia to buy more goods. These long and lonely trips through the woods gave him opportunity to see and study many birds. Once, while driving before him several pack-horses laden with goods and money too, the motions of a songster so absorbed him that for a time he completely lost his property. Audubon even engaged to accompany Lewis and Clark on their expedition to explore the newly-bought Louisiana territory. It would be delightful, he thought, to see the new birds to be found beyond the Mississippi. Fortunately for his wife and children, business troubles prevented this scheme from going into effect.

While in Kentucky, Audubon met Daniel Boone. He admired the pioneer's strength and his air of courage and honesty. The two kindred spirits took several rambles together through the woods. Boone showed Audubon the sureness of his rifle. Picking out one of the many squirrels that sat upon the trees, he fired. The shot, without wounding the animal, struck the bark where he crouched, and brought him tumbling to the ground, dead from the shock. "There," said Boone, "that's what we call barking a squirrel."

Business Failure and Poverty.—Delightful though the Kentucky life might be, business matters went from bad to worse. Even the sale of beautiful Mill Grove kept Audubon supplied with money for but a short time. All his undertakings failed. At last he gave up to his creditors every particle of property, keeping only "the clothes I wore on that day, my original drawings, and my gun." The brave wife never reproached her husband for his misfortune. "With her," said Audubon, "was I not always rich?"

One considerable talent the bankrupt man possessed—a talent for drawing. He now began to make crayon portraits, which proved to be novelties in Kentucky. Orders flowed in. Audubon had as much work as he could do. "My drawings of birds were not neglected meanwhile," he said. "In this particular there seemed to hover round me almost a mania, and I would even give up doing a picture, the profits

of which would have supplied our wants for a week or more, to represent a little citizen of the feathered tribe.''

The demand for pictures at last stopped, and six years of poverty and wandering for Audubon began. The naturalist roamed from Kentucky to Louisiana and back again, supporting himself mostly by painting. It was necessary that his wife should find employment as governess and teacher, and the pair were often most unwillingly separated for long periods. Still, in his spare time, Audubon pursued his chosen occupation of observing and representing birds. He had determined that this was to be his life-work. No one encouraged him but his wife. His best friends regarded him as crazy upon the subject.

Audubon's Bird-Pictures.—In order to make better bird-pictures, Audubon took lessons in oil-painting. At last he determined to go to Philadelphia, which was then (1824) the art center of the country. Here he would perfect himself in painting, find employment, gain friends, and learn how to put his drawings before the public.

In Philadelphia Thomas Sully, the famous artist, gave him lessons and refused to accept any return. Audubon exhibited his pictures at Earle's art gallery, but found that the ''show'' did not pay. Many persons, however, praised him highly. They assured him that nothing so good in that line had been seen before in America.

The attractions of Audubon's pictures lay in representing the birds "in their own lively animated ways when seeking food or pleasure." Nothing stiff or unnatural spoiled his art; he drew from the bird in its own woodland. His birds, also, were surrounded by the actual trees, plants, rocks and streams among which the eye would perceive them out-of-doors.

Audubon took his pictures to New York also, hoping to have them engraved and published, but he found that few persons were interested enough to subscribe for such pictures. He was depressed. "I feel that I am strange to all but the birds of America," he wrote. He returned to Louisiana, where his wife was now making an income of nearly three thousand dollars a year. That winter Audubon worked furiously and took in two thousand dollars. With this sum increased by money which his devoted wife had saved, he set sail for England, bearing with him about four hundred life-size colored pictures of American birds.

Audubon in Great Britain.—In Great Britain Audubon's pictures were thought marvellous. He exhibited them publicly and gained considerable profit, but his heart was set on publishing a great book, "The Birds of America." He realized his ambition. The immense volume came forth in parts, the colored plates showing even the eagle in natural size. Of the smaller birds, each plate gave several pictures. With these plates were published interesting accounts of

birds and descriptions of scenes in which they lived.

Audubon himself received enough attention to turn the head of one who had been so poor and neglected in his own country. "The Woodsman of America" became his popular name. His fine features, athletic frame, and flowing hair made him a person of striking appearance. As he recounted his adventures in the forest, or described the scenes among which he had roamed, his hearers listened enchanted. But he did not become vain, and in the midst of fashionable entertainments his heart yearned for the wilderness he loved. "I never before felt the want of a glance at our forests as I do now," he wrote. "Could I be there for a moment, hear the mellow mocking-bird, or the wood-thrush, to me always so pleasing, how happy should I be; but alas, I am far from those scenes."

Return to America.—After three years of absence, Audubon landed again in the United States. This home-coming was much different from his departure. He returned with reputation established, money in pocket, and the crowning work of his life being regularly published. All that prevented this work, the "Birds of America," from gaining great popularity was its immense size and the great expense to subscribers. The complete work cost about one thousand dollars. No form for his book except the grandest, however, would satisfy Audubon.

The naturalist's return was for the purpose of

completing his collection of drawings by adding such birds as he yet lacked and perfecting his knowledge of their surroundings. Camden, New Jersey, became his headquarters. Thence he made excursions, one to Egg Harbor, another to the wilderness above Mauch Chunk. "I wish I had eight pairs of hands," he said, "and another body to collect specimens." What one man could do, however, Audubon accomplished. When not actually observing in the field, he rose long before sunrise and worked until night. "After all," he said, unsatisfied, "my efforts at copying nature fall far short of the originals."

After a summer and autumn spent thus, he left to join Mrs. Audubon in Louisiana. On the way he stopped in Louisville to see his eldest son, from whom he had been separated for nearly five years. We can imagine with what joy Audubon's devoted wife received him. Unexpectedly he arrived, and her surprise and emotion were so great that he feared for her life.

Labors to Complete Audubon's Work.—Together the happy pair sailed again to England. Difficulties in financial affairs still existed to cause them anxiety. Many subscribers for the "Birds of America" had not paid; others had withdrawn their names. Money was needed to pay for continuing the publication. Audubon took his brush again and painted many pictures of birds and animals, which he sold at good prices. He also journeyed about collecting money due and procuring new subscribers.

He now began another book, considerable in size, but much smaller and cheaper than his other work. It was called "Biography of the Birds of America." This came out in five large illustrated volumes, written in a most entertaining style. Audubon here set down many of his personal experiences. So hard did Audubon work on the book that the first volume was finished in three months, for he wrote from dawn to dark. It was well that his days out-of-doors had given him a constitution of iron.

This second book brought in considerable profit. Now Audubon did not need to be anxious about money matters. As he looked back on his efforts, he said: "Who would believe that once in London I had only one sovereign left in my pocket, and did not know of a single person to whom I could apply to borrow another when I was on the verge of failure in the very beginning of my enterprise? Above all, who would believe that I extricated myself from my difficulties, not by borrowing money, but by rising at four o'clock in the morning, working hard all day, and disposing of my works at a price which a common laborer would have thought little more than enough pay for his work?"

Expeditions to the South, to Maine, even to Labrador, filled several of the next years. Victor, the eldest son, was now able to superintend the publishing and Audubon's second son could assist in drawing and painting the specimens secured. Thus the

naturalist's work was lightened, and he could spend more time in observing and collecting, in order to make his knowledge as extensive as possible. After twelve years of constant labor, the two companion books on birds, containing the results of his whole life, were finished, and made the name of Audubon forever famous.

The Home on the Hudson. Last Days.—Audubon then took up his residence in New York City, but the "Woodsman of America" could not live in a city, small though New York was in comparison to its present size. He sold his house there and bought a small estate on the Hudson. It is now within the limits of New York, and is called Audubon Park. Here, with his loved wife, his two sons, their wives, and a troop of grandchildren, he was happy. From the beach in front of his lawn he cast nets, his bird friends made the woods all about ring with song, and many animals, elk, moose, bear, deer and foxes, were kept in large enclosures, never in cages. It was a little paradise of nature.

In this favorable spot Audubon began two works on four-footed creatures, which were to be on the same plan as his former ones about birds. These were called the "Quadrupeds of North America" and "Biography of Quadrupeds." He could not reconcile himself to stay quietly at home, and to study animals made a last journey up the Missouri river in a steamboat, as far as the mouth of the Yellowstone.

Audubon was now approaching seventy. His eyes failed. He was forced to give up his drawing and painting, although his sight, which had astonished even the sharp-eyed Indians, remained good for distant objects. For the last few years of his life Audubon was content to leave to his sons the finishing of the work which he had begun. No age, however, could take away his lifelong courtesy and kindness. No child or stranger ever passed without a greeting from him.

At last the "Woodsman" was laid to rest in a New York churchyard, where a beautiful monument, sculptured with forms of the birds he loved, marks the spot. His name has been taken by many societies which to-day love, study, and protect the birds of our country. We need not now shoot birds, as Audubon was forced to do, in order to know them—an opera-glass will bring them near enough—but if we learn their habits and song, and seek their haunts, as he did, we shall find a source of the purest enjoyment.

AN ADVENTURE IN A CABIN.

My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sinking below the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodlands, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trail, and as darkness over-shadowed the prairie, I felt some de-

sire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of the wolves gave me hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of the woods.

I did so, and almost at the same instant firelight attracting my eye, I moved toward it. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me. I reached the spot and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff and her dress negligent. She answered in the affirmative.

I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely-formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. I addressed him in French. He raised his head and pointed to one of his eyes with his finger; his face was covered with blood. An hour before, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I

might expect. I drew a timepiece from my pocket, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She spied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate on her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified with an immediate sight of it. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements, but helped myself and my dog to a good supper.

The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him, his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife, examined its edge, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have, the Indian was not of the number. I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see the weather, walked

out of the cabin, taking my gun. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of the flints, renewed the primings, and returned to the hut. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eye I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They asked for whiskey and helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was and why that rascal (meaning the Indian) was in the house. The mother, for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner where a conversation took place, the meaning of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess.

I saw the mother take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I watched her working away, and the cold sweat covered my body. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon Indian, and then for the watch!"

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my dog, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching. The hag was advancing slowly, probably

contemplating the best way of despatching me while her sons should be engaged with the Indian.

The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced for joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us.

You may suppose that we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a similar situation. Day came fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of the captives. They were quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, then set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, toward the settlements.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

1820–1857.

EXPLORER OF THE NORTH.

Kane's Youth.—A few years after the opening of the Erie Canal, a small boy, who answered to the name of Elisha Kane, was attending a Philadelphia school on Eighth Street near Walnut. He was little, but energetic, mischievous and daring. Elisha liked anything dangerous. His favorite sport was to climb to the top of some high place—a tall tree, a lofty building, or even some great smoking chimney. Even when Elisha could do nothing more than to creep through the trap-door on to the roof of his home, he was happy.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

This energetic, daring disposition, although at first it made him neglect his school work, proved to be of use to him in after life. When Elisha became a young man of eighteen, he one day realized that he had been wasting time, and that study in particular lines was not only necessary, but also pleasant. Then he began to work hard. He dropped his mischief and became very anxious to deserve success. His attention

turned to the study of medicine. While Elisha was still under twenty-one, and before he had finished his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania, he was appointed a resident doctor at Blockley Hospital.

Kane's Travels.—After Elisha graduated as a doctor his adventurous spirit led him to become a surgeon in the navy. By so doing, the young man had opportunities to visit many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. This was exactly to his taste, and he learned much by his travels.

One of Kane's adventures was very dangerous. In the island of Luzon, the largest of the Philippines, stood the volcano of Taal. The natives believed it to be the abode of some powerful spirit, and feared even to travel near the mountain. Any attempt to explore its crater they believed would be certain death.

Kane, however, climbed the volcano, and was lowered down the steep wall of the crater by a rope. On reaching the bottom he left the line, and descended toward the center, where jets of burning gas and pools of boiling green water showed the activity of Mt. Taal. The sulphurous gas nearly stifled him and the heated rock burned his feet, but he filled bottles with the water of the pools, collected specimens of lava, and staggered back to the rope. So weak was he from the deadly gas that he could scarcely place the rope about his body, and fainted away as he reached the top. Danger was nothing to him, however, if he could accomplish his object.

Adventures in Mexico.—When the Mexican War began, Dr. Kane was very ill with a fever which he had taken in Africa; but upon recovery, he could not bear to think that others were fighting the battles of the United States while he remained at home. So he got permission to join the army as a physician. He took ship to Vera Cruz, and then started toward the army of General Scott, then in the city of Mexico.

The journey was dangerous, for the country was filled with roving bands of robbers. In order to be safe, it was necessary for Dr. Kane to have the escort of a Mexican, formerly a robber, who with his band had entered the American service. On the way a small body of Mexicans encountered Kane's party.

Dr. Kane's robber escort wished to run away; but Kane put himself at the head of the men and charged on the Mexicans. His horse fell wounded; the doctor soon released himself from the animal and continued the fight. Kane's men captured several prisoners.

As soon as the robber chief had recovered from his fear, he determined to avenge himself for his fright by killing the prisoners. Dr. Kane had to draw his revolver. "I will shoot the first man who lays hand upon a prisoner!" he cried. To his firmness the captives owed their lives. As they continued the journey Kane fell ill. The officer who had commanded the Mexicans was released at the end of the journey. He then took Kane to his own home in the city of Mexico and had him nursed until well.

Voyage to the North.—Dr. Kane had already seen many lands, but after the Mexican War he was to visit a part of the earth entirely new to him. The interest of everyone was fixed at this time upon the lands surrounding the North Pole. Somewhere in that expanse of snow and ice were the men of an English expedition commanded by Sir John Franklin.

The two ships of Franklin had been lost for several years. The English government had sent out several parties to find the missing men, but without success. The United States government wished to aid the search, and fitted out two vessels. Kane, always desirous to help in any good adventure, asked leave to join the expedition. Permission to be its physician was granted him.

The American ships reached Greenland, passed the last Eskimo settlement, and at the beginning of July found themselves wedged fast in a great mass of ice, where they stayed for three weeks. Finally the ice broke up and they resumed their voyage. Traces of Franklin and his men were found, but the expedition gained no knowledge of their fate. Through the winter the vessels remained frozen up. Dr. Kane watched carefully over the health of the crews, and although some were attacked by scurvy, that dreadful disease of the Arctic, no one died.

Second Arctic Voyage.—As soon as the expedition returned to the United States, Dr. Kane turned his thoughts toward another Northern voyage. He was

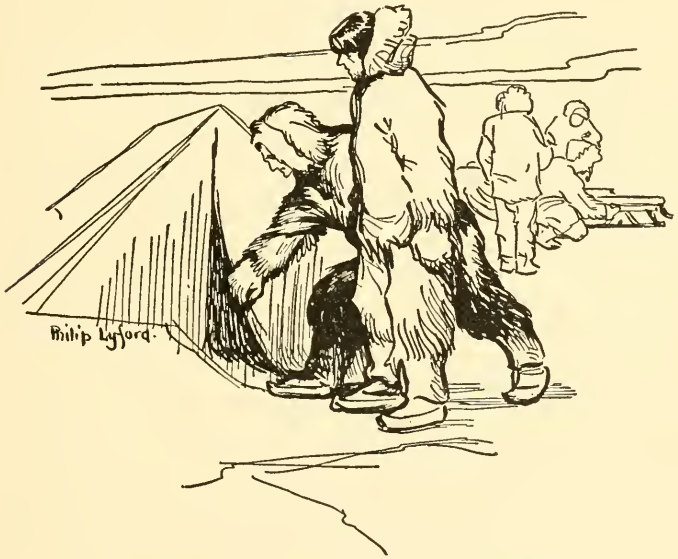
not satisfied with the results of the previous trip and wished to be commander of the next one. In order to gain money for that purpose he wrote the story of his journey and lectured on it in many cities. As time went on, his whole soul was thrown into the task. Congress refused to vote any money to assist him, but the Secretary of the Navy favored his cause. Various prominent men made contributions, and at last, by many ways, the money was gained. Dr. Kane had made himself, meanwhile, a national hero.

The little ship which carried the expedition held but eighteen persons. It seemed too small for navigating those icy, stormy seas, but Dr. Kane was not afraid. Ten years had passed since Sir John Franklin had been lost, but Kane hoped that the commander and crew were still living somewhere with the Eskimos waiting for white men to come and bring them home.

That winter, while his ship, the *Advance,* was frozen fast, Dr. Kane sent out sledge-parties to explore. One of the parties, overcome by cold, left several men lying nearly frozen upon the ice, and returned to the vessel. Kane immediately started with a rescue party to the help of the deserted men. Forty miles had to be covered before reaching the sufferers. The thermometer marked forty-six degrees below zero. The cold struck to the very bone, so that the strongest could scarcely breathe.

For eighteen hours they travelled without water or food. At last they found the men, lying within

their tent in darkness, waiting for the end. The poor fellows were put on a sledge, and the return journey began. At last the cold nearly overcame most of the party. They wished to lie down and sleep, but Dr.



AT LAST THEY FOUND THE MEN LYING WITHIN THEIR TENT.

Kane knew that this would be fatal. After terrible suffering they finally reached the ship; but it was necessary to cut off the toes of two of the men. Others were snow-blind, some were delirious, and two afterward died from the exposure.

Fast in the Ice. Kane Escapes.—Another party sent out that winter by Dr. Kane reached the farthest point north which man up to that time had ever at-

tained, and saw a great body of water, which Kane wrongly thought was an open sea surrounding the Pole. Kane hoped that in summer the ice would break about his ship; but it was vain. Would it be best to try escape in an open boat, or to remain with the ship and spend another winter in that spot?

Kane called the roll, and each man answered for himself. Eight out of seventeen decided to stick by the ship; the rest wished to try the boat-journey south. In August they started out, but found escape impossible, and returned to the *Advance*.

The second winter passed slowly away. When spring came again and daylight became strong, final preparations to leave the vessel began. The *Advance*, fast in her icy bed, would advance no farther. In May the start was made. Three boats, mounted on sledges, bore the provisions. Before leaving, all walked around the ship to take a last look at the vessel which had been so long their home.

At last the party reached open water and took to the boats, tossing along the cliffs of Greenland. After a time the openings of water ceased, and again the men took to the ice, pulling along their heavy boats. Strength began to give out, but they persisted, and after a journey of nearly three months, saw upon the waves a sealskin canoe. Its owner conducted them to the nearest settlement of whites, and they had at last reached the end of their trials.

Last Days of Kane.—On his return home, Kane was

celebrated as an Arctic explorer of the first rank. He had proved himself energetic and brave, had been careful of the welfare of his crew, and had made numerous observations and discoveries which would make such exploration easier in the future. Instead of resting from his labors, Dr. Kane began at once to write the narrative of his voyage.

By the time his book was finished, Kane's health grew so poor that he decided to rest by travel. Accordingly the explorer sailed for England. While there, he visited Lady Franklin, the devoted wife of Sir John Franklin. Everywhere in England he was received with honor; but the atmosphere of London proved unhealthful, and he again sailed, now for sunny Cuba. On Christmas Day Kane reached Havana, but in a weak condition. There he died.

The body of the explorer was taken to New Orleans and thence to Philadelphia. All the principal cities on the way held impressive ceremonies in his honor. In Philadelphia the body lay in state in Independence Hall. The funeral was one of the most imposing ever seen in the city. Men of high standing in every business and profession took part in the immense procession which followed the coffin. The burial was in Laurel Hill Cemetery, where Dr. Kane's grave may still be seen.

At his death, Elisha Kent Kane was but thirty-seven, small in stature, and of slight frame. The wonder of all was that such a young man, of no great

strength, and subject to almost constant illness, could accomplish so much. His life shows the result of the mind's government over the body.

LIFE ON A FROZEN-IN SHIP.

How do we spend the day, or rather the twenty-four hours? for it is either all day here, or all night, or a twilight mixture of both.

At six in the morning the decks are cleaned, the water-hole opened, and things put to rights. At half-past seven all rise, wash on deck, and come below for breakfast. Our breakfast (all fare alike) is hard-tack, pork, stewed apples frozen like molasses candy, tea and coffee, with a delicate portion of raw potato.

After breafast, the smokers take their pipes till nine; then all hands turn to; McGary to play tailor, Whipple to make shoes, Bonsall to tinker, Baker to skin birds, and the rest to my "office." Take a look at it! One table, one salt-pork lamp, three stools, and as many waxen-faced men with their legs drawn up under them, the deck being too cold for the feet. One is making maps, others are copying log-books.

So we get on to dinner-time, the occasion of another gathering, which misses the tea and coffee of breakfast, but rejoices in pickled cabbage and dried peaches instead. At dinner as at breakfast the raw potato comes in, our healthful luxury. Like doctor-stuff generally, it is not appetizing. Grating it down nicely, and adding the utmost oil, it is as much as I can

do to persuade the men to shut their eyes and bolt it. Two absolutely refuse to taste it. I tell them of its virtues, but my eloquence is wasted; they persevere in rejecting the admirable compound.

Sleep, exercise, amusement, and work at will, carry on the day till our six o'clock supper, a meal something like breakfast and something like dinner, only a little more scant; then the officers come in with the reports of the day. Last of all comes my own record of the day gone by, every line, as I look back upon its pages, giving evidence of a weakened body and harassed mind.

All this seems tolerable for commonplace routine; but there is a lack of comfort which it does not tell of. Our fuel is three bucketfuls of coal a day, and our temperature outside as I write is 46 degrees below zero.

Wine freezes in the cabin lockers, and the beams overhead are hung with tubs of chopped ice, to make water for our daily drink. Our lamps cannot be persuaded to burn salt lard; our oil is exhausted; and we work by muddy tapers of cork and cotton floated in saucers. We have not a pound of fresh meat, and only a barrel of potatoes left.

Only two men are exempt from scurvy; and, as I look around upon the pale faces and haggard looks of my comrades, I feel that we are fighting the battle of life at a disadvantage, and that an Arctic night and an Arctic day age a man more rapidly and harshly than a year anywhere else in all this weary world.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

1793–1880.

THE FRIEND OF THE SLAVE.

Lucretia Mott Speaks in a Convention.—Ever since the Revolutionary War, many thoughtful persons in the United States considered slavery to be an evil, but the question of actually freeing the slaves was not seriously brought forward until William Lloyd Garrison in his paper, "The Liberator," set the nation talking about the matter.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

A few years after the first railroad train had been run in this country, a convention met in Philadelphia to form a National Anti-Slavery Society. Less than seventy-five delegates attended—a small number for a national society! It was not popular in those days to be an "abolitionist." John Greenleaf Whittier acted as one of the secretaries of the meeting. Four women, all Friends, or Quakers, attended as lookers-on, but were not considered as delegates.

When the "platform" (the statement of the society's principles) was being read, a discussion of some of the points began. One of the four women rose to speak. A gentleman present afterward said: "I had never before heard a woman speak at a public

meeting. She said but a few words, but these were spoken so modestly, in such sweet tones, and yet withal so decisively, that no one could fail to be pleased."

The woman who spoke was Lucretia Mott, well known as a worker and speaker in the Society of Friends, but who had not come forward previously as an advocate of the abolition of slavery. She had a peculiar gift for expressing what she thought right, and an earnest desire to search for the right.

Some of the well-known men who had been asked to take part in the convention refused to do so. This discouraged several persons when the news was announced; but Lucretia Mott rose again, and said: "Right principles are stronger than great names. If our principles are right, why should we be cowards? Why should we wait for those who have never had the courage to maintain the rights of the slaves?" After she had spoken, no one uttered another word of discouragement.

Danger of the Abolitionists.—Soon a Female Anti-Slavery Society was organized. Its members were mostly Friends, and Lucretia Mott was its president for many years. The times were stormy. Feeling ran high, and the abolitionists were often insulted and even attacked by those who favored slavery. Only brave women would belong to such a society.

When the anti-slavery believers opened a new building in Philadelphia for their meetings, it ex-

cited the rage of their enemies. The building, Pennsylvania Hall, was burned by a mob. The mayor would do nothing to prevent the deed. An excited crowd then marched through the streets, threatening also to burn the houses of the abolitionists.

The house of James Mott, the husband of Lucretia, was situated on Ninth Street above Race. It was one of those most natural for the mob to attack. Mr. and Mrs. Mott, though warned of the danger, refused to leave their home. Their eldest son watched in the street, and at last ran in, crying "They're coming!"

All could plainly hear the shouts of the crowd pouring along Race Street, and all expected that the house would soon be on fire, yet the courageous family would not run away. To their great surprise, instead of turning the corner, the mob passed on up Race Street. This was due to a young man, friendly to the family, who, when the crowd reached the corner, raised the cry "On to Mott's!" and led them past. The rioters satisfied their rage by burning a home for colored orphans, and did not return.

Such dangers as these failed to daunt the spirit of Lucretia Mott. Her husband approved the part she took, and not being a ready speaker, was entirely satisfied that she should be the more prominent member of the household. She therefore continued her efforts to arouse the nation's feeling against slavery.

A few years later, when the New York meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society was broken up by roughs,

several of the speakers, as they stepped out of the hall, were ill-treated and beaten by the crowd around the door. Lucretia Mott, who was there, was escorted out by a gentleman, but seeing that some of the other ladies were frightened, she asked her friend to leave her and take care of the others.

THIS MAN WILL SEE ME SAFE THROUGH.

"Who will look after you?" asked her escort. Lucretia laid her hand on the arm of one of the roughest in the mob, saying, "This man will see me safe through." Pleased by this mark of confidence, the reckless man did as she asked and took her to safety.

Fugitive Slaves.—The home of the Motts was always open for the relief of poor colored persons, and they helped also in sending fugitive slaves far-

ther north. One of these slaves was shipped by express from Richmond, Virginia, in a box about two feet square and three feet high. He remained in these close quarters for twenty-four hours, part of which time he was upside down. Such hardships slaves were willing to undergo to gain their freedom.

One day, as Mr. and Mrs. Mott sat at home, they heard the hooting of a crowd. Mr. Mott went to the door to learn the cause. It was a poor colored man who was pursued by the mob. He knew the friendly home, rushed into the open door, ran through the house and out at the back, thus escaping from his enemies.

Mr. Mott stood at the door to keep back the crowd. As he stood there, someone hurled a brick at him. It missed him, but deeply marked the door directly over his head. Had the blow struck Mr. Mott it would have been fatal. Such dangerous experiences were common in those days when the passions of the sympathizers with slavery were excited against all negroes.

In the year of John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, a colored man named Dangerfield was seized on a farm near Harrisburg, on the charge of being a fugitive slave. He was brought, handcuffed, to Philadelphia, to stand trial. If it were decided that he had actually run away from his master, the Fugitive Slave Law would compel him to be returned to slavery.

The abolitionists engaged a famous lawyer to de-

fend the negro. Lucretia Mott sat near the prisoner during the trial. The chief lawyer on the opposite side feared her influence so much that he asked to have her removed from that prominent place. Finally, largely through Mrs. Mott's means, Dangerfield was released.

Outside the court-room a mob collected, threatening to seize Dangerfield and deliver him over to his former master; but a band of young men, mostly Quakers, deceived a crowd by accompanying another colored man to a carriage. Dangerfield meanwhile walked off to safety in another direction.

Experience on a Horse-Car. Freeing of the Slaves.— In Lucretia Mott's time there were no trolley-cars, and persons wishing to travel about the city had to use the slow horse-cars. The Fifth Street line reserved every fifth car for negroes. If any negroes boarded other cars on that line they were forced to stand on the platforms. Mrs. Mott was once riding in a Fifth Street car on a very stormy day, when a respectable but sickly colored woman entered. The conductor sent her to stand on the platform, exposed to the cold rain.

Lucretia Mott vainly appealed to the conductor to let the woman come inside the car. Then Mrs. Mott went out and stood beside the woman. The other passengers, ashamed to see such an old lady standing in the storm, objected so strongly that the conductor asked Mrs. Mott to come in. "I cannot come with-

out this woman," she replied. "Oh, well, bring her in, then," growled the perplexed official. Soon afterward, the company issued an order that colored persons should be allowed to ride inside any car on that line.

Finally Lucretia Mott and her friends, who had worked so long and so hard for the welfare of the slave, were rejoiced to see the negroes all free. The dreadful Civil War, disastrous as it was in many ways to the country, settled the question of slavery. Soon the negroes were citizens and voters, by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution.

There was still much to be done after the war to help the "freedmen," who scarcely knew what to do with their liberty. Mrs. Mott remained a hard worker for their cause all through her life. She lived till she was almost ninety years old. At her funeral, which thousands attended, the proceedings were mostly in silence. At last some one said, "Will no one speak?" The answer came back: "Who can speak now? The preacher is dead."

Lucretia Mott's influence still lives, however. More is being done to help the negro than ever before. How glad she would be now to view such institutions as Tuskegee in Alabama (conducted by Dr. Booker T. Washington) and Hampton Institute in Virginia, where young colored persons are taught the occupations in which they can render the best service to themselves and to their country.

MATTHIAS WILLIAM BALDWIN.

1795–1866.

BUILDER OF LOCOMOTIVES.

"God has given me great opportunities for doing good, but the disposition to do good is something still better."

The Ingenious Boy.—Mr. Baldwin, a carriage-maker of Elizabeth, New Jersey, was an excellent workman. His skill brought good returns, and at his death it seemed that the widow and her five children would be well-to-do. Mistakes on the part of those who managed the property, however, caused the loss of nearly all. Mrs. Baldwin found it hard to support her family, but, like so many other mothers thus left in poverty, she worked with diligence and managed to accomplish it.

MATTHIAS WILLIAM BALDWIN.

The youngest child, Matthias, was but four years old when his father died. As he grew up the mother found that the father's skill with tools had descended to the son. Matthias made most of his toys, and took apart those that were given him in order to see how they were constructed.

Although he littered the floors with his chips and

materials, the wise mother encouraged him to become skilful in this way. Matthias returned this kindness by making many little devices to lighten his mother's work. A machine of any kind drew his close study—indeed, Matthias paid much more attention to machinery than to books. In the light of after events, who can blame him?

Matthias and the Shingle.—Mrs. Baldwin watched with careful eye her boy's character. She knew that her duty did not stop with providing for his bodily welfare. As Matthias with a friend was coming home from school one day, they passed a pile of white pine shingles. White pine made such good material for carving that each boy took one.

The mother found that her son had taken a shingle without leave. She did not think that, because it was a trifling article, the matter should be passed over. Matthias had to take back the shingle and ask the owner's forgiveness. Such care on his mother's part gave Matthias Baldwin his sterling honesty in later life.

The Jewelers' Apprentice.—At the age of sixteen Matthias became an apprentice to a firm of jewelers in Frankford, now a part of Philadelphia. With one of his employers he made his home for the five years during which he was "bound to the trade." He was a steady youth. The young men of the town thought him peculiar because he refused to touch any strong drink, but Matthias had known one drunkard among

his own relatives. He made up his determined mind that he would not throw away his manhood thus.

Matthias had few pleasures, and those simple ones. From singing-school in the little Presbyterian church he was never absent. Often, after work, he would wander out of the town to some high ground at Wissinoming, whence he could look across the marshes to the Delaware. As he watched the evening scene, did dreams of future fame ever come to the poor apprentice? Perhaps they did; at any rate, he never forgot that spot.

Work in Philadelphia.—When the youth reached twenty-one he found work with jewelers on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The firm employed many workmen. Some of these looked on their daily tasks as so much unwelcome labor to be disposed of as soon as possible; but young Baldwin loved his occupation.

Every day, as he returned from the shop, Baldwin directed his steps past the windows of art-stores where he could enjoy the paintings and engravings, for he had a keen love for the beautiful in art. His employers noticed not only his industry, but also his delight in making objects that needed taste and skill. Therefore such orders were mostly entrusted to him.

In many ways the young man seemed old before his time. His habits were regular, his pleasures quiet, and although cheerful, he inclined to silence. When Baldwin had once decided what was right, speech to the contrary proved vain.

Once a fellow-workman claimed as his own a tool which Baldwin was using. The latter looked it over with great care. "That is mine," he said at last. His companion began a long argument. Baldwin uttered never a word, but quietly continued his work. Then the other tried to take the tool by force, but soon found that the silent one would defend his conviction. The tool stayed in Baldwin's keeping.

Baldwin the Machinist. Founding of the Franklin Institute.—For two happy years Baldwin worked for his Philadelphia employers. His wages were good, he saved money, and at last set up for himself as a jeweler. Business proved bad, and he with a partner began to make the machines and tools used by bookbinders. They branched out into making other machines of Baldwin's invention, and prospered.

The new establishment employed a number of young men. Baldwin felt that these needed some place where they could get instruction in science and mechanical art, so that they might become more intelligent and inventive. He talked over the matter with many other employers, and the result was the founding of the Franklin Institute (1824) which is on Seventh Street below Market, and which still offers evening instruction to young workmen.

Steam-Engines.—The firm of Mason and Baldwin were so successful that they moved to a larger shop, and there found that their old machines, run by the hand or foot, would no longer serve. More power for

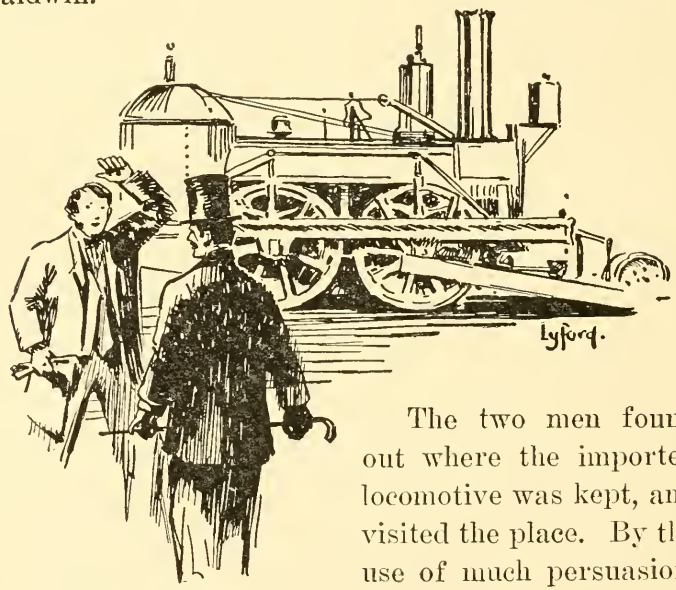
operating was needed. After a vain experiment with using a horse on a treadmill, they bought a stationary steam-engine. Steam was then just beginning to be widely introduced into factories.

Although the new engine was the best which the firm could buy, it did not please Baldwin. He set to work and, helped by his knowledge of the engine's weak points, made a much better one, which was almost noiseless. The opening door of the shop hid it from view, so that visitors, hearing and seeing nothing that showed them any source of power, often inquired what ran the machines.

Soon the main business of the firm consisted in making the new Baldwin kind of stationary engines. One day a stranger came to see Baldwin. He stated frankly that he intended to make such engines. "Will you tell me," he asked, "where you get your iron and what firm makes your boilers?" This was important information, and most men would not have given it to a rival. Baldwin without objection generously told the stranger. "There is room enough in the trade for us both," said he. This was so true that Baldwin's timid partner left him, through fear that the growing business would risk too much capital.

The Locomotive.—At this time steam had not been applied to travel in the United States. George Stephenson, however, had made the locomotive successful in England. In 1830 the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company brought across the ocean a loco-

motive, which was kept hidden from public eye until it should be used. Franklin Peale, who owned the Philadelphia Museum, where up-to-date novelties were shown, wished to have a small working locomotive to exhibit. How should he get one? He turned to the most ingenious person he knew—Matthias Baldwin.



"I CAN MAKE IT," HE CRIED.

The two men found out where the imported locomotive was kept, and visited the place. By the use of much persuasion, and perhaps a little money, they obtained from the man in charge permission to view the wonder. Baldwin inspected every part, made a few secret measurements, then crept under it. Half an hour later he crawled out with beaming face. "I can make it!" he cried.

He did make the model. It ran on a track through

the rooms of the Museum, pulling two cars that on a pinch would hold sixteen people. Crowds witnessed the marvel. The Philadelphia and Germantown Railroad, a new affair, which had drawn its cars by horses, now ordered a real locomotive from Baldwin. He drew the plans and finished the locomotive in six months. It was lighter, smaller, but more powerful than the English engines, and was called the Ironsides.

The president of the railroad company, however, had meanwhile repented of the bargain. He had little confidence in the good qualities of the purchase. The wheels had a habit of slipping when the rails were wet, for the sand-box had not then been invented. Therefore the company advertised that the locomotive would run only in fair weather. On rainy days the horses again came into use.

Only one man in Baldwin's shop, beside the inventor himself, could properly run the Ironsides. This man unfortunately fell sick at the time, and those who took his place could not get the engine to run well. The president of the road threatened to throw it back on Baldwin's hands. At last the skilful engineer recovered, the locomotive gave satisfaction, and Baldwin received his money. He was so disgusted with all the complaints, however, that he declared, "That is our last locomotive." Men have been known to change their minds. When he died, his works had built fifteen hundred locomotives.

Financial Troubles.—By 1835 Baldwin had finished nine or ten of the new engines. He moved his works to Broad and Hamilton Streets and soon confined himself to this one line of manufacture. His business grew fast, and, like every man of large affairs, he had to borrow money to meet this increase.

The panic of 1837, caused by President Jackson's foolish financial policy, caused creditors to call for their money. Difficulties grew thick in Baldwin's path. He could not meet the demands. Troubles made him sleepless, yet he used the wakeful hours of darkness to invent improvements on his locomotives.

One morning, after he had just thought out one great improvement which would give safety in rounding curves at high speed, he found posted on his works a notice of sheriff's sale. Undismayed, he held up before his workman the roll of drawings for the new invention, and exclaimed, "Here is something which will defy the sheriff!"

For the time he could not defy his creditors, nor did he wish to do so. He called a meeting of all whom he owed. "Gentlemen," said Baldwin, "my whole property is yours. It cannot satisfy my debts; but if you wish to sell me out, you may. If, however, you will leave me in control of the business, I will pay you the full amount, with interest." Knowing that they were dealing with an honest man, the creditors accepted the latter plan. In five years Baldwin had discharged every dollar of debt.

Charities. Baldwin and the Negroes.—After becoming "free," as he said, Baldwin soon became a rich man. Railroads were fast extending over the eastern United States, and Baldwin could scarcely turn out enough locomotives to fill his orders. Yet this wealth did not turn his head, or make him selfish.

He had always been charitable toward poverty and a liberal contributor to all objects of his church. Often, when he had no ready money, and was called upon by charity, he signed notes to pay at some future time. Now out of his wealth he gave large sums toward founding new churches. To begin one church Baldwin secured a hall, fitted it up, paid the minister's salary for two years, and donated a lot on Broad Street for the church building.

Baldwin was a staunch friend to the negro, even at a time when few persons in Philadelphia were on that side. Behind his house on Tenth Street was an alley where colored families lived. They were poor, and the children were growing up in ignorance. Baldwin hired some rooms, opened a little school, paid teachers, and persuaded the children to come. There was a place in his heart for all those whom others neglected.

As early as 1837, when Baldwin took part in the convention to frame a new constitution for the State, he voted to give the right of the ballot to every negro who was fit for it.

A negro applied for employment at the Baldwin

Locomotive Works. He was put into the boiler shop, whose foreman hated negroes. This foreman was a valuable man and knew that Baldwin would find it hard to fill his place. He therefore was bold enough to appear before Baldwin and ask that the negro be discharged.

"Certainly," replied his employer, "if he is not a good hand he shall be discharged on the spot."

"Well, he is a good hand enough," said the foreman.

"Then what is your objection to him?"

"He is a nigger, and either he must leave, or I will."

"Pack up, then," answered Baldwin, "and be off with you."

The foreman went, but the negro stayed as long as he lived.

Another firm which manufactured locomotives thought to hurt Baldwin's trade in the South. It sent out notices to the railroads there that Baldwin favored giving the negro a vote. This did prevent him from getting many orders, and the work went to the rival firm. The firm, however, fell into its own trap. The Civil War began, and the Southerners never paid for their locomotives.

During the war, the Sanitary Commission was organized to take care of the soldiers in the field. It ministered to both mind and body. Baldwin was one of those who directed the affairs of the Com-

mission, with regard to Philadelphia, throughout the entire war.

Baldwin's Homes.—On the very spot of high ground where as a poor apprentice he had loved to go to view the river at sunset, Baldwin built a mansion. The marshes were made into a garden. A high embankment faced the river, but the tides were allowed to pass through this into ponds. As they flowed and ebbed, Baldwin's cleverness made them pump water for the buildings. Here he spent the summer months.

A couple of years before his death, the locomotive builder had occasion to move to a new city home. To the wonder of his friends he bought a large old-fashioned house in a busy part of Chestnut Street. "Why should I banish myself from my fellow-creatures?" he said. "I have tried to live for their good, and should I run away from them in my old age? I want to see the world and have them see the things I enjoy, if it will afford them any pleasure or instruction."

To carry out this kind intention, Baldwin allowed the public to view the fine paintings he had collected. No one who asked to "see the pictures" was ever refused. In the winter his musical evenings were open to any who enjoyed the works of the greatest composers. "If they love to hear good music, they are all friends of mine," said Baldwin.

The rarest feature of the mansion, however, was the conservatory, which faced upon Chestnut Street. Its glass was kept clear, and everything was arranged

so as to be seen from the sidewalk to good advantage. From morning to night crowds stopped to look at the blooming plants and ripening tropical fruits. Many at first thought that Baldwin meant to advertise these products for sale. The servants were kept busy answering the bell for those who wished to buy. The public found that this man asked no pay except the pleasure of the public.

Old Age.—From the cares of business (to which he attended until the last) Baldwin found recreation in exercising his old-time mechanical skill. In a corner of his office at the works he kept the little vise, the lathe, and the delicate tools which he had used in the jewelry business. Here in his spare moments he mended watches and ornaments. No small piece of work came amiss to his busy hands.

One day in June, 1866, the old man of over seventy years came to his office and took up his beloved tools, but dropped them again. Pain from disease had overcome his strength. That afternoon he left the establishment and went back to Wissinoming to die. Philadelphia will always be proud of having had Matthias Baldwin as a citizen. She admires his success but still more she honors his character. His statue now faces the great locomotive works which he founded. The "Baldwin" locomotives are sent all over the world. Sixteen thousand men are employed in making them. Baldwin's genius was the foundation of this wonderful growth.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1825–1878.

POET AND TRAVELLER.

Bayard's Head.—One day in the summer of 1839 a doctor from Philadelphia lectured in the town of West Chester. From the formation of one's head the doctor claimed to determine his character and talents. The morning after, the lecturer, in company with a friend, visited the jail. By permission of Sheriff Taylor, he examined the heads of many of the prisoners in order to determine how nearly his judgment answered to their lives.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Finally the visitors entered the sheriff's office. There a lank, long-legged, half-grown boy was seated on a high stool. The sheriff said: "There is my son; what do you think of him? I intend to make a farmer out of him. Do you think he is fitted for it?"

The doctor examined the youth's head, then remarked: "You will never make a farmer of him to any great extent; you will never keep him home; that boy will ramble around the world, and furthermore, he has all the marks of a poet." The sheriff was

greatly amused at such a prediction; but the statements came true.

Youth of Taylor.—This boy, Bayard Taylor, was born at Kennett Square, a village among the beautiful lands of Chester County. His father at that time was a farmer, and brought Bayard up to farm life; but the boy disliked the labor. Like Elisha Kane, whom he knew in later life, he loved to roam about and to observe nature. "Almost my first recollection," he wrote, "is of a swamp, into which I went bare-legged at morning, and out of which I came, when driven by hunger, with long stockings of black mud, and a mask of the same."

Bayard loved books as much as he loved the great out-doors. When but four years old he had learned to read well. At seven, he was copying down the poems of Sir Walter Scott and writing poetry of his own. Often the father became angry because of his son's neglect of farm work in order to make time for his beloved reading.

At seventeen, Bayard Taylor had grown to be a most attractive young man. He was six feet tall, healthy, straight, and strong. His face was handsome, his eyes dark, and his hair curling. Polite and winning manners secured him many friends then and in after years.

Finding that Bayard could not be induced to take an interest in the farm, his father apprenticed him to a West Chester printer. There was opportunity

for study in this new life, and the lad made the most of his chances. As he intended some day to see foreign countries, much of his time was spent on German and Spanish.

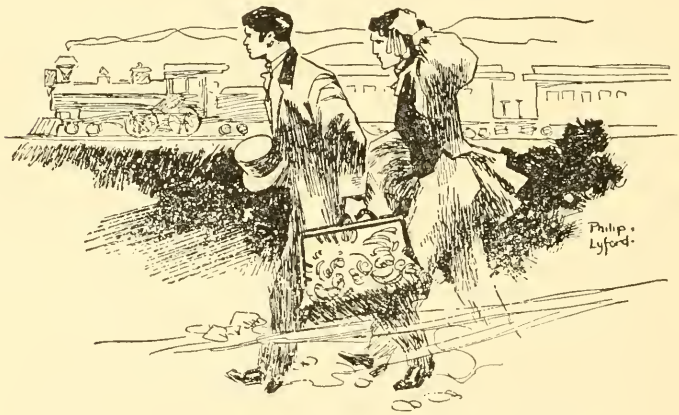
Taylor Begins His Travels.—At nineteen he published a little book of poems. The book did not amount to much, but it brought him into notice with some of the Philadelphia publishers. Bayard made up his mind to apply to travel the money which he hoped to receive. While arranging for the publishing of the book, he several times walked the whole distance between Kennett Square and Philadelphia, about thirty miles.

On these lonely trips he frequently debated with himself whether it were best for him to leave his family in order to see the world. One night, while thus walking and thinking, an inward voice seemed to tell him that his conduct was right. Thenceforward he had no more doubts. The world would have been deprived of many delightful and instructive pages if he had stayed at home.

How was this poor boy to gain enough money to travel abroad? He did not know, but felt sure that in some way it would be provided. With his savings, Bayard bought freedom from his apprenticeship. This left him penniless, yet he had courage enough to fix a date only two weeks ahead for departure to Europe. There was no chance to raise money in West Chester; off he walked again to Philadelphia and

spent two or three days calling upon the principal editors and publishers.

At last the editor of the "Saturday Evening Post" offered to pay Bayard fifty dollars for twelve letters describing his travels. Another editor made the same arrangement, and a third bought some poems. With one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket, the young man returned in triumph to Kennett Square.



BAYARD TAYLOR AND HIS COUSIN WALKING TO WASHINGTON.

Finding that it was necessary to secure a passport in order to travel abroad, Bayard and his cousin, who was to accompany him, thought that a trip to Washington would be required to get the passport. They had little money to spare on travelling by railroad or stage, so set out and walked most of the way, arriving very dusty and footsore. In Washington their Representative in Congress presented them to

John C. Calhoun and John Quincy Adams, who encouraged them in their intention.

Another young man joined Bayard and his cousin in their trip. This was in 1844, before the comfortable steamships of to-day had come into being. Their vessel was small and poorly fitted up. The three occupied the "second cabin." For the sum of ten dollars each, they were allowed a rough berth of planks—nothing else. Even provisions and bedding had to be furnished by the travellers.

"Views Afoot."—Bayard had now embarked on the long series of travels of which this was the first. For two years he roamed about Europe, seeing various countries in the best way, that is, mostly by walking. He visited England, France, Germany, Italy. He learned foreign languages in the best way, by living in the homes of the people and staying at modest inns, where no speech except that of the country could be understood. Poverty opposed no bar to his journeys. Six cents a day, spent in bread, figs, and roasted chestnuts, sometimes supplied his needs.

His twenty-first birthday came while he was living by the Italian shore of the blue Mediterranean, where he had in boyhood so often longed to wander. He was a man now; two years of travel had given him experience and taught him self-reliance. He had endured many discomforts, but had gained much by his endurance.

From the tour he returned "with rich eyes but

poor hands." His letters to various journals had paid his way, but nothing more. These letters he now collected into a book, which was published under the same name "Views Afoot." It proved very popular. Longfellow wrote to him, "How could you accomplish so much with such slight help?" Whittier read a published poem of Taylor's and copied it into the paper which he was then conducting. Bayard Taylor's name had now become known.

After some doubt as to his career, Taylor decided to try to make a living in New York by his writing. He went there, worked hard, gained friends, and in a year stood well in estimation. His work was mostly for newspapers, but when that was done he turned to writing poetry as a rest and as his true occupation. Fifteen hours a day he often labored, realizing that idleness would bring no returns.

In New York he became acquainted with George Henry Boker and Thomas Buchanan Read. Taylor wrote a poem to Boker to show his great friendship. Read, who was a painter as well as a poet, put Bayard into a picture, with broad hat and Alpine staff, and behind him the mountains.

Further Travels.—When the "gold fever" sent multitudes rushing to California, Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York "Tribune," chose Bayard Taylor as the best person to tell Eastern readers what was happening in the West. Taylor went by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and spent nearly half a

year in California, sending frequent letters to the "Tribune." He lived almost entirely out-doors, sleeping on the ground with his saddle for a pillow. "It is so delicious," he said, "to fall asleep with the stars above you." This he wrote to Mary Agnew, a beautiful girl whom he had known in school, and to whom he was now engaged.

After his return he worked hard to provide a home for his intended wife. Mary Agnew, however, was of delicate health. She seemed to improve for awhile, and the marriage took place. Two months later she died, and the young husband was bowed with grief. Nothing now existed to keep him in America, and he arranged another journey abroad.

For over ten years Taylor remained away from home, travelling through Oriental lands. He visited Japan with Commodore Perry's expedition. A trip to Egypt, and travels far up the Nile, excited the curiosity of the many persons who read his letters to the "Tribune," for African exploration was then a topic of great interest. Every person of education in the United States knew, by this time, of Bayard Taylor, the great traveller in strange countries. His pictures appeared showing him in Eastern dress, for he felt at home in the Orient and adopted the clothing, as well as the language, of the people.

Bayard Taylor had now found his career—to travel and to write of his travels. The language which he used was clear and fine, and in addition to produc-

ing prose he used his gift of poetry. When he returned from the Orient, it was found that many desired to hear him as a lecturer; so Taylor travelled much about the country, and added by his speeches to the fame which his writings had created.

Cedarcroft.—Money came in rapidly, and he soon was able to buy a large tract of land near Kennett Square, where he built a great house, called, from its belt of trees, "Cedarcroft." While "Cedarcroft" was rising, Taylor travelled far in Europe again, but ever looked forward to the time when he could inhabit the comfortable mansion among the scenes of his boyhood, where his parents might dwell and his friends be entertained.

Only fifteen years before, Bayard Taylor had gone forth as a poor boy to see the world. Now he had gained fame and money in large amount. How quickly success had come! Yet it was gained and kept by great perseverance and tremendous work. No one without excellent health and tireless energy could have endured the strain of constant travelling, lecturing, and writing.

At Cedarcroft, Taylor now wrote a novel which has made famous that region of Pennsylvania. It was a story of that very country in which he lived and of characters who had lived there also. The tale was "The Story of Kennett." Although Bayard Taylor produced other novels, this is his best.

Of the home at Cedarcroft Taylor said in his

poems, using the same meter in which Longfellow had written "Evangeline":

Here will I seek my songs in the quiet fields of my boyhood,
Here where the peaceful tent of home is pitched for a season.

. . . . . .

Here the hawthorn blossoms, the breeze is blithe in the orchards,
Winds from the Chesapeake dull the sharper edge of the winters,
Letting the cypress live, and the mounded box, and the holly;
Here the chestnuts fall, and the cheeks of peaches are crimson,
North and South are as one in the blended growth of the region.

Cedarcroft, however, brought anxiety as well as pleasure. The expense of keeping up such a house was great. Crops failed, debts piled up, and at last Bayard Taylor rented out the place and went back to work in New York. There he lived for a number of years, travelling no more to lands afar, but always busy with writing.

Longfellow's Tribute.—Finally Taylor was appointed Minister to Germany. Although over fifty years old and broken down by overwork, he accepted, for the honor pleased him, as well as the chance of returning to a country which he loved and where he had many friends. His health did not improve, and at last, seated in his library in Berlin, he peacefully passed away. All the poets he had known and loved paid tributes to his memory. Longfellow beautifully wrote of his old friend:

Dead he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.

Traveller! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells.

And to-day they toll for thee
Lying dead beyond the sea.

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks!

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN GERMANY.

FROM "VIEWS AFOOT."

The ghostly, dark and echoing castle of an inn (the Black Eagle) where I stopped was enough to inspire a lonely traveller like myself with unpleasant fancies. It looked heavy and massive enough to have been a stout baron's stronghold in some former century; the taciturn landlord and his wife, who, with a solemn servant-girl, were the only tenants, had grown into perfect keeping with its gloomy character. When I groped my way under the heavy arched portal into the guests' room—a large, lofty, cheerless hall—all was dark, and I could barely perceive, by the little light which came through two deep-set windows, the inmates of the house sitting on opposite sides of the room. After some delay, the hostess brought a light. I entreated her to bring me something instantly for supper, and in half an hour

she placed a mixture on the table the like of which I never wish to taste again. She called it "beer-soup." I found, on examination, it was beer boiled with meat and seasoned strongly with pepper and salt. My hunger disappeared, and, pleading fatigue as an excuse for want of appetite, I left the table.

When I was ready to retire, the landlady, who had been sitting silently in a dark corner, called the solemn servant-girl, who took up a dim lamp and bade me follow her to the "sleeping-chamber." Taking up my knapsack and staff, I stumbled down the steps into the arched gateway; before me was a long, damp, deserted court-yard, across which the girl took her way. I followed her with some astonishment, imagining where the sleeping-chamber could be, when she stopped at a small one-story building standing alone in the yard. Opening the door with a rusty key, she led me into a bare room a few feet square, opening into another, equally bare with the exception of a rough bed. "Certainly," said I, "I am not to sleep here?" "Yes," she answered; "this is the sleeping-chamber," at the same time setting down the light and disappearing.

I examined the place; it smelt mouldy, and the walls were cold and damp. There had been a window at the head of the bed, but it was walled up, and that at the foot was also closed to within a few inches of the top. The bed was coarse and dirty, and on turning down the ragged covers I saw with horror

a dark-brown stain near the pillow, like that of blood. For a moment I hesitated whether to steal out of the inn and seek another lodging, late as it was; at last, overcoming my fears, I threw my clothes into a heap and lay down, placing my heavy staff at the head of the bed. Persons passed up and down the court-yard several times, the light of their lamps streaming through the narrow aperture up against the ceiling, and I distinctly heard voices which seemed to be near the door. Twice did I sit up in bed, breathless, with my hand on the cane, in the most intense anxiety; but fatigue finally overcame suspicion, and I sank into a deep sleep, from which I was gladly awakened by daylight. In reality, there may have been no cause for my fears—I may have wronged the lonely innkeepers by them; but certainly no place or circumstances ever seemed to me more appropriate to a deed of robbery or crime. I left immediately; and when a turn in the street hid the ill-omened front of the inn, I began to breathe with my usual freedom.

THE AVALANCHE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The laden tempest wildly broke
  O'er roaring chasms, rattling cliffs,
  And on the pathway piled the drifts;
  And every gust was like a wolf,—
And there was one at every cloak,—
  That, snarling, dragged toward the gulf.
The staggering mule scarce kept his pace,
  With ears thrown back and shoulders bowed;
The surest guide could barely trace
  The difference 'twixt earth and cloud;
And every form, from foot to face,
  Was in a winding-sheet of snow;
  The wind—'twas like a voice of woe
That howled above their burial-place.
And now, to crown their fears, a roar
Like ocean battling with the shore,
Or like that sound which night and day
Breaks through Niagara's veil of spray,
From some great height within the cloud,
  To some immeasured valley driven,
Swept down, and with a roar so loud
  It seemed as it would shatter heaven!
The bravest quailed; it swept so near
  It made the ruddiest cheek to blanch,
While look replied to look in fear,
  "The avalanche! The avalanche!"
It forced the foremost to recoil
  Before its sideward billows thrown,
Who cried, "O God! Here ends our toil!
  The path is overswept and gone!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

1822–1872.

PATRIOT OF MANY GIFTS.

The Young Artist.—In the beautiful Chester Valley, near Downingtown, lived a farmer-boy, Thomas Buchanan Read, a delicate, slender, fair-haired lad. He loved the scenes of nature which surrounded his home. When he grew to manhood he wrote a poem, in which he said of his old home:

> Here my young muse first learned to love and dream,
> To love the simplest blossom by the road,
> To dream such dreams as will not come again;
> And for one hour of that unlettered time
> I would exchange, thrice told, this weary day.

When the boy was but fifteen years old, his father died. The family broke up, and Thomas accompanied a married sister to Cincinnati, which was then (1837) regarded by Eastern people as being in the far West. In Cincinnati Thomas began to earn his own living.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

At seventeen he secured a position as helper to a sculptor. It was work congenial to Read's disposition. By nature he loved everything beautiful, and wished to create beautiful things. In the workshop of the sculptor the young man learned to model in clay and carve from marble.

Soon Read discovered that he possessed a talent for painting, and forsook sculpture for that art. Read's pleasant manners and happy disposition had already secured to him many friends among prominent citizens, who gave him orders for a number of pictures. General William Henry Harrison, who was then a candidate for President, ordered a portrait from the young painter.

Read, however, was not satisfied to stay in Cincinnati. The Western city lacked many of the advantages for art and education which could be enjoyed in the East. As soon as he had saved money enough he moved to Boston.

Read's Friends.—One of the best artists of Boston, Washington Allston, became interested in Read and his work. Mr. Allston found that although the nineteen-year-old painter possessed great talent, he was modest and anxious to learn. Allston, therefore, did all in his power to encourage Read and advise him.

Another valuable friend came to Read through a different channel. The young man had always enjoyed poetry, but now he found that he was able to write true poetry himself. Many of these poems he published in a Boston newspaper. They attracted the notice of Longfellow, who lived in Cambridge, a suburb of Boston, and was a professor in Harvard University.

Longfellow recognized the beauty of Read's poems. When the two poets met, one famous and one

still unknown to the country at large, Longfellow, laying his hand on Read's shoulder, said kindly, "Sing away! In the near future the public will find you out." The friendship between the two remained unbroken until Read's death. Read painted a group of Longfellow's three children, calling it "The Morning Glories."

Read in Italy.—It is seldom that a person can win fame in both poetry and painting, but Read accomplished this. When he was twenty-five he issued his first book of poems, and followed it by another the next year. Meanwhile he continued to paint, ever striving to do better work. Some of his friends advised him to go to Italy, where the best of the world's art could be studied, and gave him commissions to paint pictures for them.

Read, accordingly, sailed for Europe in 1850. In England he met many famous men; then he proceeded to Italy. There most of his time was spent for the next ten years. His home in Florence was delightful, with a large walled garden filled with flowers, grape-arbors, and lemon and orange trees, where the nightingales sang at eve.

Success did not come without hard work. This was his daily plan as told by one who knew him:

"He goes to bed betimes, and is awake with the birds. At four o'clock, summer and winter, he is at his desk, writes until seven, then breakfasts and goes to his studio. In winter he paints all day and

returns home to dine at dusk. His wife reads aloud to him until nine o'clock, when he goes to bed. At the head of his bed, fastened to the wall, is a large slate, a pencil hanging on a cord beside it. In the night—for Read is a light sleeper—the slate is at hand to use for quick passing thoughts and fancies."

Poems and Paintings.—Read had long wished to write a truly American poem, and at this time he finished the "New Pastoral," which he called "the greatest theme left for an American to do." This beautiful poem tells of a country family living near the Susquehanna, who are seized with a desire to emigrate to the prairies of the West. The poet describes the journey over the mountains, the descent of the Ohio, their adventures by the way, their settlement in the wilderness, and their struggles to conquer the country about them.

Nathaniel Hawthorne said that Read's poems were pictures and his pictures were poems. Both were beautiful and uplifting. Three years before the Civil War, Read came to Philadelphia, bringing many of his best paintings. He opened a studio at Tenth and Chestnut Streets, and freely exhibited the pictures to all who cared to view. Orders for new paintings overwhelmed him. Often he stood before his easel without rest for five to eight hours at a time. Read had more friends in Philadelphia than in any other city, and many of his pictures came there to be placed in private collections.

After pleasant months in Philadelphia, Read returned to Italy. When it became apparent that war would break out between North and South, his patriotic soul was deeply excited. Another truly American poem was the result—the "Wagoner of the Alleghenies."

The scene of this poem is laid on the Schuylkill, at the beginning of the Revolution. The hero of the story is a youth who leaves his home because he cannot sympathize with those who would deny liberty to America. He becomes the "Wagoner of the Alleghenies" and fights on the side of the colonists. By this tale Read hoped to recall to the Americans their Revolutionary struggle for freedom and thus to increase their love for the Union.

Before the poem was published, Read returned to America. There he met Mr. Murdoch, a celebrated actor and elocutionist, who was making a tour of the country, giving entertainments for the benefit of Union hospitals. Read gave to Murdoch the manuscript of his poem, and Murdoch recited selections from it in many cities. This added to the author's fame, and greatly helped the Northern enthusiasm.

Sheridan's Ride.—But Read was not satisfied with using his pen to aid the Union. He joined the army and served for some time as a staff officer, with the rank of captain, under General Rosecrans, and under General Lew Wallace who afterward wrote the famous book, "Ben Hur."

One day in 1864 Read was living in Cincinnati. His brother-in-law came to him with a copy of "Harper's Weekly," which had on its front page a large

DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAN WRITE A POEM TO ORDER?

picture of General Sheridan riding to the front to rally his defeated troops. "There is a poem in that picture," said he to Read. The poet replied: "Do you suppose I can write a poem to order, just as you would order a coat?"

The idea, however, took strong possession of

Read's mind. "Do not let me be interrupted," he presently said to his wife. "I am not to be called even if the house takes fire." In a few hours the poem of "Sheridan's Ride" was completed.

That evening Mr. Murdoch, who never before had recited any poem at short notice, gave to his audience the timely and spirited verses. The house went wild, and journals over all the North copied the production, which is still famous.

> Up from the South, at break of day,
> Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay
> The affrighted air with a shudder bore
> The terrible grumble and rumble and roar
> Telling the battle was on once more.

Read was not satisfied with commemorating in verse the general's ride, but, finding that was such a popular subject, he painted a large picture of the daring leader coming upon the field and shouting, "Turn, boys, turn, we're going back!" Copies of this picture sold by tens of thousands.

Mr. Murdoch, in his travels, recited chiefly from the poems of Read. President Lincoln came to hear him when he recited in the Senate Chamber and applauded the selections. Lincoln took from his pocket-book a selection from one of Read's works, and sending it up by the Vice President, asked that Murdoch, with his impressive voice, should render the poem.

Later Life of Read.—When peace was finally restored, Read returned to Italy and made his home in Rome. There for seven years he enjoyed the distinction of being the most celebrated foreign inhabitant. All Americans and Englishmen wished to call on Mr. Read when they visited the Eternal City. His art was constantly in demand, and his house was a centre of hospitality.

Read had never been strong. One autumn evening he was riding in a carriage with the Governor of New Jersey, who had visited him. They wished to see the Colosseum by moonlight. The carriage sank into a ditch along the road and overturned. Read was taken up insensible.

The painter-poet never entirely recovered from the shock. All through the winter he worked diligently, but grew gradually more feeble. Believing that he was about to die, he longed for America. On his way home, however, he was stricken with pneumonia, and died soon after he reached New York. His body rests now in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

It is well to remember a painter whose art produced nothing but beauty and a poet whose lines contain nothing worthless. His life, though only fifty years in extent, was filled with an amazing amount of achievement; and in his long residence abroad he lost none of his pride in America and expectation of her great future.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE (October 19, 1864).

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there's a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed,
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from a cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;

And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

JAMES BUCHANAN.

1791–1868.

PENNSYLVANIA'S ONLY PRESIDENT.

"God save the Union! I do not wish to survive it."

The Scotch-Irish Storekeeper.—Thousands of emigrants from Scotland at one time settled in the north of Ireland. To distinguish them from the native people, they and their descendants have been called Scotch-Irish. Many Scotch-Irish, being active, independent and enterprising, later came to America. Finding the land near the coast already occupied, they pushed into the "back country" and became dwellers on the frontier.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

One of these emigrants to Pennsylvania, Buchanan by name, set up a store at the foot of the Blue Mountains in Franklin County. The settlement in which he had begun business bore the odd name of Stony Batter. There, not far from Mercersburg, a monument to the distinguished son of the store-keeper stands to-day.

Mrs. Buchanan.—Business prospered. Mr. Buchanan brought up his family in comfort, but did not

favor much schooling for them. The mother, however, had a word to say on the subject. She knew that James, one of the eldest boys, had an excellent mind, and she persuaded her husband to give him a college education.

Many a famous man has owed his success to his mother. James Buchanan said: "My mother was a remarkable woman. The daughter of a country farmer, engaged in household employment from early life until after my father's death, she yet found time to read much and to reflect on it. What she read once, she remembered forever. For her sons she was a delightful and instructive companion. I attribute any distinction which I may have gained to the blessing which God conferred upon me in granting me such a mother." After he was a grown man, James might often be found sitting in the kitchen to talk with his mother while she worked.

In Trouble at College.—When James was sixteen he went to Dickinson College at Carlisle. He found that many of the young men did very much as they pleased. "To be a sober, industrious, plodding youth," said Buchanan afterward, "was to incur the ridicule of the mass of students."

James imitated the majority. In order to be thought "smart," he tried to equal or excel the others in mischief, although he did well in his studies. At last he came to the end of his rope. James spent his vacation at home after his first college year. One

day, while he and his father were sitting together, a letter arrived. Mr. Buchanan read it, then silently handed it to James and left the room.

The letter was from the president of the college, It stated that James would have been publicly expelled were it not that this would bring notice on the father, but that when college opened, James would not be admitted again. The youth "was mortified to the soul." He knew that his father would not stir a finger to help him out of the plight, but he went to the pastor of their church, a gentle and helpful man. By the pastor's aid James received another chance, and made good use of it. He had learned that "smartness" did not pay.

Lawyer and Volunteer.—At nineteen, when James graduated, he began the study of law in Lancaster, a famous town in that respect. "I determined," said he, "that if severe application would make me a good lawyer, I should not fail. I studied law and nothing but law." In the evenings the young student took long lonely walks, and talked to the empty air concerning the things which he had learned. He, as many other students have done, found great benefit in this practice.

Three years of intense study made Buchanan a full-fledged lawyer, just at the beginning of the War of 1812. When the British burned the Capitol at Washington and threatened Baltimore, many volunteers for army service came forward in Pennsylva-

nia. Buchanan not only enrolled himself in Lancaster, but also made speeches to persuade others to do so. His company of volunteers marched to Baltimore. As it happened, the Lancaster men saw no actual fighting, but their readiness to defend their country was no less praiseworthy for that.

Beginning of Political Life.—Being energetic and worthy of respect, Buchanan soon made a name for himself and was nominated for the State Legislature. He was elected, and served two terms. His intention, however, was to return to the practice of law and stay out of political office. A sad event changed the current of Buchanan's life. The young lady to whom he was engaged died.

To help him forget his grief, Buchanan accepted a nomination for Congress which was offered. He did not expect to be elected, nor did he greatly desire the honor, but the excitement of the contest would bring relief from sadness. To Buchanan's surprise he won the place, and his career thenceforward became political. He never married, however, though his tall form, distinguished features and pleasant manners made him a favorite in society.

For five terms Buchanan remained in the House of Representatives. At the close of the ten years, he again intended to retire to private life "without casting one lingering look behind," but the Democrats of Pennsylvania brought forward his name for the Vice-Presidency. In consequence of the notice which this

attracted, President Jackson appointed him Minister to Russia. In that position Buchanan served with credit, and on his return the Legislature of his State elected him to the Senate.

Secretary of State. The Oregon Boundary.—President Van Buren offered Buchanan the place of Attorney General in his Cabinet, but Buchanan declined. When Polk became President, the post of Secretary of State was offered, and this time Buchanan accepted. The most pressing question then before the United States was that of the northern boundary of the Oregon territory. This line would divide the United States from Canada.

England claimed that her territory extended south to the mouth of the Columbia River. The United States claimed north to the line of 54° 40′. In the term of President Monroe we had offered to make the forty-ninth parallel the boundary; England refused this. It had then been decided that the two countries should "jointly occupy" the Oregon country until the question could be settled.

The joint occupation had now lasted for nearly twenty years. American settlers were crowding into the country. Who was to give them title to their land? Who would protect them in case of Indian war? The question of the boundary needed to be decided.

In a speech at his inauguration President Polk claimed 54° 40′ as the line. Public feeling became

strong. Many Americans raised the cry of "Fifty-four forty or fight!" In order to make a peaceful arrangement, the President gave Buchanan power to offer 49° as the boundary. The English Minister stated that this was unfair and unjust, so Buchanan withdrew the offer. Buchanan's firmness impressed the Minister. He saw that he had gone too far, so he "ate his words" and presented the same offer on his part. This was accepted, and in 1846 we completed our boundary line to the Pacific.

The delays concerning the Oregon treaty caused Buchanan to suffer a great disappointment. He had long desired a place as judge in the Supreme Court. While the discussion with England was in progress, a vacancy occurred to which Buchanan would probably have been appointed if he had said the word. He did not feel, however, that he was free to leave the Cabinet in the midst of such important business. Had Buchanan been less faithful to duty, his after life would have been spared many painful hours; but he was not a man who shirked.

Life at Wheatland.—When Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," came into office in 1849, Buchanan left the Cabinet with renewed intention to keep out of public life. The previous year, he had bought a country home called Wheatland, just outside of Lancaster. Here he expected to pass the rest of his life in the practice of law. Across the broad lawn a beautiful prospect of cultivated farms could

be seen. It was a home of summer coolness, winter comfort, and peace at all seasons.

Two children, a niece and a nephew of Buchanan, played about Wheatland. They came from different families. Their parents being dead, their uncle had taken upon himself to bring them up. For twenty years they remained in his household, until both married. "No father could have bestowed a more faithful care over his own children," said the nephew, "than this somewhat stern but devoted bachelor uncle of ours gave to us." While they were away at boarding school, Buchanan required them to write to him at least one letter a month. He always answered the letter at once, and did not fail to point out mistakes in language or spelling. In spite of his strictness, the children loved him. He was their hero.

The people of Lancaster, who had known Buchanan for forty years, since he was a youth, also loved, respected and honored him. All his neighbors, however poor or uneducated, were treated by him with friendship. Many persons wondered that Buchanan, who had associated with so many of wealth and high position, could spend time listening to the petty affairs of some poor acquaintance. But Buchanan was a democrat in the best sense of the word.

One night, while the sleet was rattling against the windows of Wheatland, Buchanan gazed out into the storm. The family heard him say to himself. "God

help the poor to-night!" The next day he sent to the Mayor of Lancaster a considerable sum to buy fuel for the poor. His will left more money for the same purpose. Many in need of money were helped by him with gifts and loans. All these things endeared him to the townspeople, although he did nothing with a view to becoming popular.

GOD HELP THE POOR TO-NIGHT!

Minister to England. A Question of Dress.—At the next Democratic presidential convention after Buchanan had left the Cabinet, his name was brought forward for the office. Franklin Pierce, however, gained the nomination and election. As soon as Pierce learned that he had been elected, he wrote to Buchanan, asking him for advice, and later gave him the post of Minister to England.

The purpose for which Buchanan was sent came near being defeated by the question of dress. Buchanan had expected to appear at court in the

ordinary evening dress of an American citizen. The court officials were horrified to learn this. They declared it was the costume of servants, and that some uniform or decoration would be necessary to show honor to the young queen Victoria.

"A Minister of the United States," said Buchanan, "should wear something more in keeping with our democratic ways than a coat covered with embroidery and gold lace." Many English officials, who thought more of the clothes than of the man, wished to deny Buchanan any invitations to the court balls and dinners. But Victoria respected Buchanan's ideas. On his part, he consented to wear a plain black-hilted sword as a mark of position, and there was no more talk of dress.

Buchanan Becomes President.—When Buchanan returned from England it was in the year of another presidential nomination. Again his name was brought forward by his friends, and this time he was selected as candidate of the Democratic party. Buchanan held strange old-fashioned principles. He believed that the office should seek the man, and that it was undignified and almost disgraceful for a person to travel about the country speech-making in order to be nominated for President. He could truthfully say after the convention had chosen him: "I have carefully refrained from seeking the nomination, either by word or by deed." His friends could also say: "He takes the place without promises to any one."

Buchanan was elected. Early on a cold stormy morning he drove to the Lancaster station to take the train for Washington. It was neither too cold nor too early to prevent a great crowd of friends from assembling to escort him to the train. A car built for the occasion, with windows showing in color scenes about Wheatland, bore him to the national capital.

The new President was nearing seventy, though age had weakened neither his body nor his mind. In his speech at the inauguration, however, he declared that he would not be a candidate for another term. "Therefore," he said, "I shall have no motive to influence my conduct except the desire ably and faithfully to serve my country."

Bleeding Kansas. Buchanan's Views on Slavery.— Early in Buchanan's term the dispute between the North and South concerning slavery broke out with greater fierceness than ever. Senator Stephen A. Douglas had overthrown Clay's Compromise of 1850 by carrying through Congress the Kansas-Nebraska Act. This act provided that the settlers of these two territories should vote for themselves whether or not the territories should enter the Union as free States. The opposing parties in Kansas acted with great violence. Houses were burned and men were killed, so that the nation spoke of "Bleeding Kansas."

Buchanan made no secret of his opinions concerning slavery. He had held them for many years. Personally he disliked slavery. Often he had bought

slaves in Washington, had brought them north to Lancaster, and had there set them free, trusting to their honesty to repay him the price. In national affairs, however, he believed that since this government had permitted slavery when the Union was formed, the nation had no right to interfere with it in States already within the Union. Each State must decide questions about slavery for itself. Any other course, thought Buchanan, would break up the Union, and, like Lincoln, he held that to preserve the Union was more important than to abolish slavery.

North against South. Lincoln's Election.—As years passed, the feelings aroused by the slavery question grew more bitter. Slavery had been fastened upon the South by the invention of the cotton-gin, which made cotton the great crop. It could not be raised and picked without negro labor. The Northern States, with their large amount of manufacturing, grew faster in population than the South, which devoted itself to farming. The Northern people were also spreading out into new territories.

The Southerners saw that they would soon be outvoted in both Houses of Congress. Then they thought that the slaves, their "property," would perhaps be set free. This would turn the whole South upside down. Many of the most influential men of the South decided that the only cure for this condition was secession from the Union.

The campaign of 1860 turned upon the question

of how slavery should be treated. Abraham Lincoln was nominated by the new Republican party. This party declared that Congress had no right to interfere with slavery in the States which had it already, but that there should be no slavery in any new State.

Lincoln was elected by the votes of eighteen "free" States. No Southern State had a majority of votes for him. The Southerners knew that the election of Lincoln meant that no new slave States would come into the Union. They also took his election to mean that their "property" would be taken away. Lincoln, they said, was an abolitionist. This was not true. The abolitionists had supported Lincoln, but the only point in which Lincoln's ideas on slavery differed from those of Buchanan was that Lincoln said: "No slavery in any new State," while Buchanan said: "A State coming into the Union may choose whether it henceforth shall be slave or free."

Secession.—South Carolina took the lead in secession. As soon as the election result became known, the legislature of that State called a convention to meet the next month. Every one knew that this meant secession. What should the President do? Never before had the head of our government faced such a difficult question. In 1832 this same State had declared certain laws of the United States to be "null and void," but even then had not gone to the length of trying to leave the Union.

Buchanan prepared a message to Congress. He

took up the question, "Has Congress power to compel a State, by force, to remain in the Union?" He denied that any State had a right to secede. Still, the Government, he said, should never open war upon a State; but if the State attacked Government officers, tried to capture Government property, or interfered with the collection of Government money, the United States should defend its rights to the utmost. Buchanan's words remind us of those uttered by Captain Parker at Lexington: "Don't fire unless you are fired upon; but if they want a war, let it begin here." He did not wish a war, and tried to avoid one. Perhaps it might be possible to keep other Southern States from following South Carolina. He recommended to Congress certain measures which would satisfy the South that slavery was not to be abolished.

The secessionists did not wait for any such measures to be made. They passed an ordinance of secession and boldly sent commissioners to Washington to discuss with the Government the new condition of affairs. The President permitted them to have a talk with him, although, he said, he would receive them not as commissioners but as private gentlemen.

Major Anderson with a few men was then holding Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor. News came that fearing attack, he had spiked his cannon and transferred his men by night to Fort Sumter, which could be better defended. The commissioners said

this was an act of war, and demanded that the United States troops should be entirely withdrawn from Charleston Harbor. Buchanan answered that the troops would not be removed, and that Fort Sumter would be defended against attack by all the means in his power.

The commissioners became so enraged at Buchanan's answer that he refused any further interviews with them. South Carolina seized all the United States property within the State except Fort Sumter, in which Major Anderson was cooped up. Every United States officer from South Carolina resigned, and the State began to build batteries which could cannonade the fort. The Southern members of Buchanan's Cabinet resigned. Five other States soon seceded also and formed the "Confederate States of America."

Buchanan's Difficulties. His Retirement.—The army of the United States at this time consisted of only eighteen thousand men. Most of these were on the frontier protecting settlers against danger from Indians, and could not be withdrawn. Congress was in session, and various bills came before it for aiding the President to defend the rights of the Government, but not one passed. There was little for Buchanan to do but to wait for events to take their course. He was at the end of his own term. The majority in Congress was of the opposite party, and seemed anxious to do nothing until Lincoln should be inau-

gurated. The mass of the people in the North scarcely believed there would be war. It was important to keep the "border States," Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia, in the Union, if possible, and any active measures against the "cotton States" were almost sure to offend them. So long as there was no actual fighting, the President's hands seemed tied. It was with relief that he gave the office into Lincoln's care.

Living quietly at Wheatland, Buchanan saw the war begin and triumphantly end. Many persons, anxious to exalt the glory of Lincoln by blaming the former President, published articles attacking Buchanan, but this did not disturb the old statesman. "The American people," he said, "will some time see that my course was the only one which promised any hope of saving the nation from a terrible war." He died at the age of seventy-seven, and was buried, as he wished, in the beautiful country near Lancaster.

Character of Buchanan.—Buchanan has often been called timid and hesitating because he wished to keep the country from war. He was regarded as a friend to slavery because he thought that to abolish slavery against the will of the slave states would break up the Union. As we see now, the Union could not remain part slave and part free. War could not be avoided. The North thought otherwise, however. Lincoln, when he became President, had no purpose to abolish slavery, and in regard to war followed the

same inactive course as Buchanan until the cannon that fired on Sumter awakened the nation as a call to arms.

Whatever writers of history may say concerning the wisdom of Buchanan's political ideas, no one can deny the honesty of his character. No President could have been more careful to set a good example to others. He considered that his time belonged to the nation. The days were spent in work, and his vacations were few and short. When presented with gifts of any value, he at once returned them to the sender. In his travels he paid his own fare, and never used a pass even when out of office. "When I cannot afford to pay my way," he declared, "I will stay at home." His niece, Harriet Lane, while "Mistress of the White House," took a trip to West Point on a Government vessel which had been named after her. Her uncle wrote to her that national vessels should not be employed on pleasure excursions, and that he would put a stop to the practice. As a gentleman of the old school, dignified, honest and manly, Pennsylvania may well honor her only President.

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN.

1826–1885.

THE "YOUNG NAPOLEON."

The Little Student.—Students at the University of Pennsylvania were once received at a much younger age than at present—which is to say, that the studies were easier then. In the same year when the doctor at West Chester was examining the peculiarities of Bayard Taylor's cranium, a little fellow of thirteen entered the classes of the University. The name of this young collegian was George B. McClellan.

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN.

George, like Elisha Kane, was small in stature, active and hardy. Unlike Kane, however, George always loved study. The story is told that when the youngster used to visit his grandfather, the library proved the most attractive room. The old gentleman liked every one to be punctual at meals. When mealtime arrived, George would be buried in some book.

"Supper is ready!" made no impression on him. "George, come to supper right away!" his grandmother would call. George then usually stood up, continuing to read, and if no one came after him he would stay in that position until the others had finished eating.

West Point. The Mexican War.—At the University George distinguished himself in his classes, and on graduating thence desired to become a soldier. One of the members of Congress from Philadelphia gave him the coveted place at West Point. McClellan enjoyed the four years which he spent there. In his class was "Stonewall" Jackson, afterward such a famous Southern general.

McClellan, although so intelligent, seemed too young for a soldier's life. He was slight and not tall; his frame, however, was wiry and healthy. Soon the young man was able to show that large size is not always necessary when hard work is to be done.

The Mexican War was just beginning. All cadets who complete the West Point course are given the rank of second lieutenant. Lieutenant McClellan received assignment to the newly formed Engineer Company, whose duty was to build and clear roads, bridge rivers, and throw up intrenchments. In a short time after McClellan received his commission, the company left for Mexico, and took active part in the siege and capture of Vera Cruz.

The engineers now preceded General Scott's army and laid out its path in its march from the seacoast toward the city of Mexico. In one of the battles on the way McClellan's horse was killed under him. At last the Mexican capital surrendered, and after helping for some months to garrison the city, McClellan arrived home as a captain. He had now received

more than a taste of war, and had profited by his rough experiences.

Expeditions to Texas and the Northwest.—For four years thereafter, McClellan was a teacher in the West Point Academy. His practical experience in warfare enabled him to speak with authority on many matters. Then for a time, as an engineer, Captain McClellan assisted in directing the building of Fort Delaware, on an island not far below Philadelphia.

A more adventurous life now opened. Texas, which had been annexed to the United States in consequence of the Mexican War, still lay partly unexplored. McClellan received direction to take part in an expedition to discover the headwaters of the Red River and to report upon the nature of the land. In three months the party of soldiers, with Indian guides and a train of wagons, travelled a thousand miles over the plains. They discovered the stream they sought and brought back much information about this formerly unknown land.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 brought so many people to the Pacific coast that our government began to consider a railroad from ocean to ocean. Accordingly, Congress granted money to survey various routes for such a railroad. Captain McClellan was placed in charge of the western section of the most northern route considered. Now for the first time he took the leadership of an expedition.

The region which McClellan was to explore lay

within the present state of Washington, which had just been separated from Oregon and made a territory. Over the Cascade Mountains and the great lava plains east of them passed the expedition, then down the Columbia River. Puget Sound was next explored.

OVER THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS PASSED THE EXPEDITION.

As a result of his survey of the whole territory, McClellan reported that the best place for a railroad would be along the bank of the Columbia, and that Seattle, then a small lumber village, had the best harbor for the end of the railroad. Time has shown that his judgment was right. The first railroad in the State of Washington passed along the Columbia, and the greatest city on Puget Sound to-day is Seattle.

Visit to the Crimea. Beginning of Civil War.—Soon after McClellan had finished this work, war broke

out in Europe. Russia had tried to seize some land belonging to Turkey. England and France objected, and declared war on Russia. The combined armies of the two nations attacked the Russian forts in the peninsula of the Crimea, which projects into the Black Sea, so that this was called the Crimean War.

As there had been no war between the great nations of Europe for forty years, since Napoleon was conquered and sent to St. Helena, the other governments interested themselves in learning whether any important changes in the mode of carrying on warfare had taken place during that time. The United States selected three officers to visit the scene of battle and report on the military operations.

McClellan, only twenty-eight years old, was appointed as one of the three, although the other officers were each nearly double his age. It was a high honor. The officers spent a year in visiting the armies in the Crimea and examining into military affairs in other parts of Europe. The knowledge thus gained gave McClellan power to organize large bodies of troops during the Civil War.

On Captain McClellan's return, a large railroad company, the Illinois Central, engaged him as chief engineer. He therefore resigned his commission in the army. Soon he was made vice-president of the road. His duties obliged him to live in Chicago, and while visiting Springfield, the capital of Illinois, he made acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, who prac-

ticed law there. Soon another railroad called McClellan to be the president of its eastern division.

McClellan now lived in Cincinnati. When the Civil War began, Ohio was called upon for thirteen regiments. In the enthusiasm of the people, volunteers speedily made up the number required, but there were few officers to drill and organize them. The governor of Ohio, who knew Captain McClellan's ability, turned to him for help. The Ohio Legislature commissioned McClellan as Major-General of the State's volunteers. Pennsylvania wished to give him command of its troops, but Ohio first secured his services.

The Young Napoleon.—Almost immediately the government at Washington, on General Scott's request, made McClellan a major-general in the regular army. All the troops in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were put under his direction. General McClellan then led his troops into the western part of Virginia, where lived many Union sympathizers, and fought a small battle which dispersed the Confederates engaged.

This success so much encouraged the Union people of that section that a few days later they decided to secede in their turn from the Confederate side. They formed a State government, and called the State West Virginia. It was admitted into the Union in 1863. This new government immediately raised more troops and thus aided McClellan.

The Confederates still endeavored to hold West Virginia, and sent there two commanders with their forces. McClellan by great energy defeated them also, so that he could send to Washington this dispatch: "Our success is complete, and secession is killed in this country."

The people began to call McClellan the "young Napoleon." Then came the disastrous defeat of the Union army at Bull Run, near Washington. Many of the fugitives from McDowell's army never stopped until they entered the city. All looked to McClellan as the general who could save the country. Lincoln gave him command of the great body of troops that was assembled to protect Washington.

McClellan's task was hard. He had to drill raw troops, manage an immense army, and obtain supplies for it. The young general often spent sixteen hours a day in the saddle, and his troops soon learned to know him as a commander who took a personal interest in his men. Soon he received command of the Army of the Potomac. In the autumn of 1862, General Scott, who was now seventy-five years old, resigned as commander-in-chief of the United States army, and McClellan filled his place.

Peninsular Campaign.—The cry was "On to Richmond!" but the problem was, how to attack it. Two possible ways appeared—one by marching directly south from Washington, the other by transporting the troops by water to Fortress Monroe and then

moving toward Richmond up the "Peninsula," the strip of land between the York and the James rivers. Lincoln preferred the first plan, McClellan the second. McClellan was finally allowed to try his plan.

For this a large army was necessary. McClellan estimated that he needed 150,000 men, and expected to have them. Many of the troops were sent elsewhere, however, so that only two-thirds of his original army remained at the beginning of the Peninsular Campaign.

With these, McClellan moved forward, but now the unfortunate trait of his character appeared. As general of such a large army, he was so anxious to avoid making mistakes that he grew overly slow and cautious. Thus the Confederates easily outwitted him. A small Southern army at Yorktown kept back his whole army for a month.

At last McClellan came within six miles of Richmond. With the help of General McDowell's army, which had been ordered to join him, he expected to crush Lee's army and capture Richmond. "Stonewall" Jackson, however, marched north along the Shenandoah Valley, and so alarmed the Federal government that McDowell's army was recalled.

The Chickahominy, a stream flowing into the James River, divided the Union army. Taking advantage of a violent storm, which flooded the valley and threatened to carry away all the bridges, Lee attacked. This contest of Fair Oaks or Seven Pines

was a drawn battle, but it gave McClellan such a respect for his enemy that Richmond was saved.

A month later, Lee attacked again. The Union army still lay in the same position. Only one-half of the army was assailed, and McClellan could have seized the chance to march directly on Richmond, which was in sight, but did not dare to try such a bold stroke. His army being driven south across the Chickahominy and cut off from his gunboats, he decided to bring army and gunboats together on the James River.

For seven days there was continuous marching and fighting by the Federal troops. At last they turned at bay on Malvern Hill with the gunboats behind them. The Confederates attacked desperately, but were defeated. McClellan was safe, but had failed to capture Richmond. Lincoln was bitterly disappointed, and removed McClellan from command of the Union forces.

Gradually the army was transferred by water back to Washington, where McClellan arrived just after Stonewall Jackson had defeated General Pope in the second battle of Bull Run. It seemed as though nothing could prevent Lee from invading the North. Pope resigned command, and McClellan was again put at the head.

Antietam. End of McClellan's Military Service.—Lee now marched up the great valley which extends from Virginia to Pennsylvania. He crossed the Potomac

and entered Maryland. McClellan hastened to get in front of the Southern army, and met Lee at Antietam Creek, near the Potomac.

Here a fierce battle followed. Lee had a small army compared to that of McClellan, but he managed it so well that the Northern troops lost heavily. Lee's forces, however, suffered so greatly that he dared not continue to invade the North. He retreated across the Potomac to Virginia, while the Union army did nothing.

Lincoln wished McClellan to follow up Lee and attack him again. McClellan thought that his troops were unable to do so. Lincoln was again disappointed with McClellan's slowness and over-caution, and put General Burnside in charge of the army.

This was a great blow to McClellan. He served no more during the war. In 1864 the Democratic party nominated him for President against Lincoln. The Democrats said the war had been a failure, but a great majority of the voters thought otherwise. Later on McClellan was elected governor of New Jersey, and proved to be a good one.

Although the military life of General McClellan ended in some disgrace, we must not forget the real and important service that he rendered to the country. There was probably no other general who could have organized so many thousand men into such a well-drilled army. A leader like McClellan was needed for the beginning of the war.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE.

1815–1872.

THE ROCK OF GETTYSBURG.

The Engineer Officer.—About 1850, an officer of engineers in the United States army was engaged in the work of erecting lighthouses along Delaware Bay. The same officer helped build the great Breakwater near Cape Henlopen, which has sheltered from storm so many ships.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE.

The name of this officer was George Gordon Meade. He was tall and spare, with strong features. His movements were quick and his disposition energetic. Not many years afterward, the North would know him as one of her great commanders, and his greatest battle would be fought to protect his home city of Philadelphia.

Meade in War. His Wound.—The Civil War began, and after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, Meade, who had been trained at West Point, volunteered. He was made a general, commanding a brigade of five new Pennsylvania regiments, who were sent to help protect Washington. While in camp near that city, General Meade became a close friend of

General Reynolds, who was afterward killed at Gettysburg, and many a pleasant hour the two passed together.

When General McClellan's Army of the Potomac was marching south toward Richmond, in 1862, the Confederates pounced down upon it and tried to cut through the line. The troops with whom was General Meade endeavored to prevent this, and after an all-day fight succeeded in beating off the enemy.

In this battle a bullet wounded Meade seriously in the body, and another entered his arm. He was able to ride slowly to a hospital in the rear, however, and a boat on the James River took him to Philadelphia. In less than two months Meade returned to the army, but one of these hurts injured his health ever after, and caused his death before ten years had passed.

Antietam and Fredericksburg.—Meade, now commanding a division (several brigades), took part in the battle of Antietam, where Lee was prevented from invading Pennsylvania. That same year, under General Burnside as commander-in-chief, the Army of the Potomac attacked the Confederates at Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock.

The Northern army crossed the river and assaulted the strongly fortified heights behind the town. Meade, with his division, was required to cross a wide, open plain to reach these heights. In full view of the Confederates, his soldiers advanced as if on parade, drove back the enemy on the plain and

crashed into the line on the heights. Then since other troops failed to come to his support, Meade found it necessary to retire.

We hear much of Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg; but this charge of Meade has been considered greater than Pickett's, though it is not so celebrated. Meade's men had farther to go before reaching the enemy than had Pickett's, and the ground was more open. Pickett's men took no prisoners; Meade's captured three hundred. Pickett merely reached the Union lines and could not hold his ground; but Meade remained in the Confederate trenches for an hour. The soldiers who had done so well were furious at being compelled to retreat from a position which they had so bravely won, and which they could have held if others had helped them.

Chancellorsville. Meade Heads the Army.—The battle of Fredericksburg proved to be a flat failure. General Burnside's command of the army was given to General Hooker, known as "Fighting Joe." Meade received command of a corps of troops (several divisions). Hooker moved north along the Rappahannock, and at Chancellorsville Lee attacked him.

Hooker's good reputation as a general suffered sad loss by his strange conduct on that field. In spite of the bravery of various officers, the battle was lost. Meade's troops were kept waiting a long time and took little part in the fighting, although Meade pleaded with Hooker to let him attack the Confed-

erates. At last Hooker decided to retreat across the Rappahannock. Meade advised against it, but could not persuade Hooker.

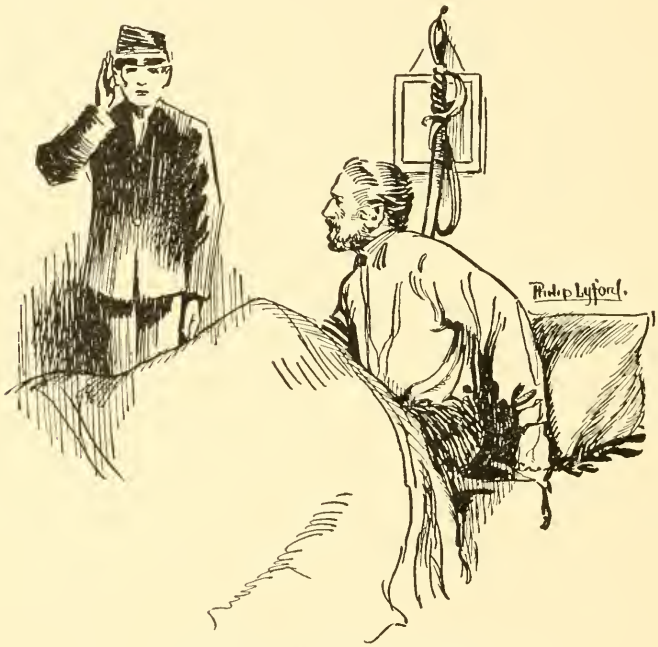
This failure proved that Hooker was not the right man for commander of the army. Soon after the battle, Meade received messages from three generals, each his senior in service, stating that they would be glad to serve under him as commander. Finally Hooker resigned his command, and an order came that Meade should head the Army of the Potomac.

Meade did not wish the position. He was a man who did not greatly crave high command, and on this occasion he considered his appointment unjust to his friend General Reynolds, who was his senior in rank. However, Meade was informed that he had no choice in the matter; he must take the appointment. The order came during the night, and Meade was directed to go at once to Hooker's tent to take over the command. It was an unpleasant duty, but Meade faced it as he did all other duties in his life.

Meade against Lee.—Halleck, general-in-chief at Washington, wrote to Meade at this time, "Considering the circumstances, no one ever received a more important command." It was in truth both important and difficult. Lee was moving northward on his second attempt to invade Pennsylvania. If it were possible,—and there seemed every reason to think so,—he would capture Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The Army of the Potomac had suffered two de-

feats, one at Fredericksburg, one at Chancellorsville, and its divisions were now widely scattered. Hooker had left camp without telling Meade any of his plans for the movements of the army. Meade knew neither



THE ORDER CAME DURING THE NIGHT.

the exact position of the enemy nor the exact locations of the parts of his own army. Yet the success of the whole war seemed to depend upon his actions.

Burnside wrote to Meade: "I am sure that you are quite equal to the position you are called to fill. You are regarded by all who know you as an honest,

skilful and unselfish officer and a true, disinterested patriot. I will not congratulate you, because I know it is no subject of congratulation to assume such a responsibility at such a time; but I will earnestly pray for your success."

The whole North was stirred and frightened by Lee's invasion. "Emergency" regiments were raised, and in Philadelphia business was almost suspended. Some of Lee's cavalry actually reached the Susquehanna, but just in time the bridge at Wrightsville was burned, which prevented them from crossing.

Lee, cut off from Philadelphia, turned toward Baltimore. Meade's army lay between that city and the Confederates. Lee, however, had no intention of idly turning back. His two recent victories had given confidence to him and his troops. The Confederates were in good fighting condition and for once were not much inferior in force to the Union soldiers.

Battle at Gettysburg.—Gettysburg, where seven main roads came together, suited Lee as a place for a battle. Accordingly he began to draw the various divisions of his army toward that center. Meade learned of this movement and sent General Reynolds to examine the ground. The troops of Reynolds came into collision with the enemy. Reynolds was killed (July 1st) and the Union forces hurried toward the spot to support his men. The great battle was thus begun before Meade had been five days in control.

Meade's army had marched long and hard to reach Gettysburg. The heat was intense. The Union troops took post on Cemetery Ridge, and held that necessary point, though the Confederates, on the second day of the battle, fiercely attacked them.

The third day's battle would doubtless decide whether or not Baltimore and Philadelphia should come into Confederate hands. Lee and his officers were high in hope. For two days they had done all the attacking and had the better of the conflict so far. Meade's officers had confidence, however, in their quiet, modest, self-possessed commander. He recognized that it was Lee who must do the attacking; therefore his effort was to provide every possible defence against Lee's onslaught.

At one o'clock on the afternoon of July 3rd, the Confederate artillery, from a line two miles long, suddenly began a terrific fire which lasted half an hour. This was to throw the Union troops into confusion before Pickett's famous charge.

Meade saw that the attack would soon come. To prepare for the storm he massed at the center of his lines rank after rank of troops, ready to be rushed to any desired point. Behind them all waited a regiment of cavalry to drive back into battle any coward who might flee or to shoot him down if he would not halt, for every man was needed on that day. Such careful preparation was characteristic of General Meade. It deserved success.

Pickett's Charge. Lee Retreats.—Pickett's fifteen thousand men rushed upon the Union soldiers. The Confederates had about half a mile to traverse, and the Northern artillery opened on them at once. Up to the stone wall which protected most of the Union line charged the Southerners, and at one point drove the Federals back for some distance, but could not remain inside the wall.

Soon the Confederates were either stretched upon the ground, taken prisoners or put to flight. They disappeared as if blown away by the wind. The Southern blow had been powerful, but it had failed to break the Union force. If Pickett could have held his ground inside the stone wall, the rest of Lee's force would have come up to his aid. As it was, Lee had missed his aim. The high-water mark of the rebellion had been reached. From that time the Southern fortunes in the war declined.

It was now necessary for Lee to retreat. He did so until he reached the Potomac. Here he fortified himself and waited, hoping that Meade would attack and receive the same medicine which Lee had been given.

With his exhausted army, Meade could follow Lee but slowly. When he discovered the fortifications, he halted. He was too wise to fall into the trap. Instead of attacking in front, as Lee wished, Meade sent troops to get into Lee's rear and cut off his supplies. To avoid this danger, Lee had to retreat across the river.

Because Meade did not attack Lee immediately, Lincoln at first manifested much disappointment, and Halleck telegraphed to Meade in sharp terms. Meade at once replied:

"Having performed my duty conscientiously and to the best of my ability, the censure of the President is, in my judgment, so undeserved that I feel compelled to ask to be immediately relieved from the command of this army."

His resignation was not accepted, and Lincoln, changing his mind, later remarked: "Why should we censure a man who has done so much for his country because he did not do a little more?"

Meade crossed the Potomac at the heels of Lee, and tried to get between him and Richmond, but failed through the stupidity of the officer whom he sent to hold Lee back. He had done the important thing, however, in saving the North from invasion.

Grant and Meade.—Before the campaign of 1864 opened, Grant, who had received the surrender of Vicksburg while Meade and Lee were still facing each other after Gettysburg, was made commander-in-chief of all the Northern armies. Meade then offered, so as to avoid hampering Grant, to resign his command of the Army of the Potomac. Grant refused, saying: "No man can command that army better than General Meade." The generosity thus shown was returned when some officers were speaking slightingly of Grant. Meade silenced them. "You make a mis-

take," he exclaimed. "General Grant is a man of very great ability." In Meade's nature existed no mean jealousy.

Though Meade remained in command of the Army of the Potomac, Grant was his superior officer, planning the important movements of the army. Meade simply carried out Grant's plans. It was hard, for a general so competent and vigorous, to be compelled to give the glory into other hands.

This arrangement lasted until the end of the war. It was a year which tried to the utmost the Union army. The war had lasted so long that the minds and bodies of all engaged were nearly worn out. Most of the generals quarreled among themselves; but Grant and Meade were above quarreling, though upon them rested so many burdens.

Grant recognized Meade's ability, and Meade in return served faithfully, as was his nature. Although he would not receive the credit in the nation's eyes, Meade never hesitated to think out and suggest such arrangements as would best carry out Grant's plans. Grant on his part nearly always adopted these suggestions and thanked Meade for them. It would be well for us all to take lessons in this respect from these two great men.

Appomattox. Meade Foregoes Glory.—When Lee's army fled from the neighborhood of Richmond and pushed westward toward the Blue Ridge, seeking to find a refuge in the mountains, all knew that it was

the beginning of the end. At Appomattox Court House the Confederates were brought to bay. The few remaining divisions left of the Army of the Potomac came upon them. At once the Union force prepared for attack. General Longstreet formed his weary men in line of battle.

At that critical moment General Meade arrived. He knew that the Confederates could scarcely resist longer. Grant had already asked Lee to surrender, and Lee had asked for an interview to discuss the matter. Grant had refused to talk with Lee until Lee should surrender. Now Lee sent another note requesting an interview, but Grant was far away and could not receive the message for some time.

If the Union attack on Lee's army began, Meade would have the glory of forcing Lee's surrender. Before any answer could possibly come from Grant, all would be over. But Meade knew the meaning of the note which Lee had sent. He knew that if he held back his troops there need be no more bloodshed. Therefore, giving up his own prospect of glory, he declared truce until Grant's answer should come. Meade was too noble a man to wish personal fame at a needless expense of human life.

The close of the war found Meade disabled in health. The wound received three years before had forced him to ride in an ambulance during most of the last days of the 1865 campaign. Only with great pain and by the aid of others could he mount his

faithful horse "Old Baldy."[4] Conquering his pain, however, he rode at the head of the remnant of the Army of the Potomac at the grand review in Washington which closed the war. He had served his country well and nobly. No one in that great army could show a more unspotted record.

Services After the War.—After the war, General Meade was given charge of several of the Southern States, forming a military district, while the work of "reconstruction" went on. When this service ended, he was made commander of the troops along the Atlantic coast, with headquarters in Philadelphia, so that he was able to live in that city during the remainder of his life.

When Philadelphia had acquired the land for Fairmount Park, and it yet lay in the original fields, General Meade took great interest in planning the Park. To him, more than to any other person, the citizens of Philadelphia owe the beautiful arrangement of drives, bridle-paths, and walks. Early and late, in good weather or bad, the General traversed the fields for that purpose, without any pay whatever, simply to serve the city.

When General Grant became President, Meade, relying on Grant's knowledge of his character and services during the war, hoped for promotion from major-general to lieutenant-general; but no, the de-

[4] The head of "Old Baldy" is preserved in Philadelphia by the Meade Post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

sired place fell to Sheridan, who was Grant's close friend. This saddened Meade's last days. In 1872 he died, and his grave can be seen in Laurel Hill Cemetery, not far from that of Dr. Kane.

One who carefully studies the life of General Meade must feel that this hero has failed to receive the notice which he deserves. Reserved and proud in spirit, he avoided putting himself forward. Some commanders, more dashing in manner, have attracted the attention of popular writers. Meade preferred to let his work speak for him. It is upon the work of just such sterling characters that the success of our nation rests.

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN.

1817–1894.

THE WAR GOVERNOR.

The Iron-Master's Son.—In the beautiful Bald Eagle Valley of Center County stands the town of Bellefonte, so called from a great spring which supplies the whole community with clear cold water. The iron ore of the valley caused the building of many iron-furnaces near the town. One of these, which is yet in existence, is known as the Curtin Furnace. Mr. Roland Curtin, who built it, became rich from its profits.

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN.

Mr. Curtin's son Andrew was born into good conditions. His father was wealthy, his relatives influential, and his home pleasant. Andrew, furthermore, came into life with a strong body, a good temper, and an intelligent mind. With all these advantages, he was never too proud to associate with those who were poor. His playmates in boyhood were the sons of the workmen at the furnace. With them he wrestled, boxed and swam. He led in all their sports. Once he plunged into Bald Eagle Creek and rescued a drowning man.

When Andrew Curtin reached young manhood, he was a most handsome fellow. Over six feet tall, with bright blue eyes and black hair, broad-shouldered and manly, he was a son of whom any father could be proud. His courtesy and good humor made him popular with all his townspeople. It was said: "When Andy Curtin appears on the street, every child smiles upon him, and every dog wags its tail."

Curtin as Lawyer and Public Man.—After Andrew's "academy" education had been finished, he decided that he would study law, for which his gifts seemed to fit him. As soon as he completed his course, one of the best lawyers in Bellefonte took him into partnership. Curtin's striking and handsome frame, his strong and musical voice, his command of eloquence and wit, gave him immediate success. Soon, when "Andy" Curtin spoke, the people thronged the courthouse.

Such a popular and able lawyer had a good chance to distinguish himself in politics. Curtin belonged to the Whig party, and began his "stumping" in 1840 in behalf of General William Henry Harrison. Thenceforward, for several campaigns, Curtin went through the State for each succeeding Presidential candidate of his party.

By the time Curtin was forty years old, he was known as one of the leaders of the Pennsylvania Whigs, and his name was brought forward for Governor. Curtin withdrew, however, in favor of James

Pollock, one of his friends, and managed the campaign for Mr. Pollock, who won the contest. In gratitude, Governor Pollock appointed Curtin Secretary of the Commonwealth. One of the duties of the Secretary was to act as Superintendent of the elementary schools. This duty Curtin took as a pleasure. He did everything possible to improve the school system, secured higher salaries for the county superintendents, and played a great part in establishing the normal schools of the State, which supply trained teachers.

Curtin Becomes Governor.—When his term as Secretary expired, Curtin returned to Bellefonte and his law practice, but not for long. The clouds of war were darkening over the land. The Whig supporters were changing into the Republican party. When those Pennsylvanians who opposed slavery held their convention at Harrisburg in February, 1860, there was no doubt as to the person who should be nominated for Governor on the Republican ticket. "Curtin or nobody!" they cried.

Lincoln became the Presidential candidate of the Republicans. Pennsylvania was one of the most important States in the Union. It was doubtful whether the Republicans would carry it. The election for Governor then came the month before the Presidential election. If Curtin failed to be elected, it would seriously injure Lincoln's chance of carrying the State. But Curtin did not fail. He spoke in every

county, and his eloquence won the day. He was inaugurated in January, 1861, two months before Lincoln became President. In his address on that occasion, the new Governor spoke out boldly on the question of secession: "To permit a State to withdraw at pleasure from the Union, without the consent of the rest, is to confess that our government is a failure."

Lincoln had watched the Pennsylvania contest with heartfelt interest. Curtin himself had done much to nominate Lincoln. It was the beginning of a friendship which lasted through four years of storm and stress, until Booth's bullet cut short the President's life. When war was actually at hand, Lincoln at once turned to Curtin for aid.

Preparations for War. The Volunteers.—On the evening of April 7, 1861, the President telegraphed to Curtin, asking him to come to Washington at once. Curtin found Lincoln alone and in a sad mood. Fort Sumter was threatened by hostile batteries. If it were fired upon, that meant war. "It looks as though war were close at hand," said Lincoln. "Congress is not in session, but the Pennsylvania Legislature is. Will your Legislature take measures to aid the Government even before there is actual war?" "I am confident of it," replied Curtin. "Then do not delay a minute," advised the President.

Governor Curtin took the train for Harrisburg that night. By the next morning he had a message

ready for the Legislature. The message called upon the Legislature to make preparations for any condition of war that might arise. That was done at once. It was high time. Three days later the Confederates began their cannonade of Fort Sumter.

Excitement filled the North. Lincoln called upon the country for 75,000 volunteers, of whom Pennsylvania was to furnish fourteen regiments, or about one-sixth of the whole. Within four days after the call, five hundred Pennsylvanians, in grimy working clothes, just as they had left their toil, arrived in Washington. They were the first to respond to their country's summons, but not the last. In two weeks the Keystone State sent, not fourteen regiments, but twenty-five, and so fast did volunteers pour in, that thirty additional regiments could have been despatched. The fair-ground at Harrisburg was turned into a camp for the men and was called Camp Curtin.

The Pennsylvania Reserves.—General Patterson, an experienced officer, to whom the Government had given oversight of Pennsylvania's supply of men, saw the pressing need for a large force, and asked Curtin to send twenty-five thousand additional men. The Governor at once issued the call, and there was a splendid response. But as the volunteers were flocking to the camps, word came from the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, himself a Pennsylvanian, that it was all a mistake, the extra troops were not needed, and that, indeed, he would rather not have had as

many men from Pennsylvania as had been sent already.

We can scarcely now imagine that so many persons at that time, both in the North and the South, expected the war to be of small extent and slight duration. It was a rather common belief that the war would be settled in three months. Each side underrated the bravery and endurance of the other. Curtin saw, more clearly than did Cameron, the greatness of the conflict which was beginning. He asked the Legislature to permit him to outfit and keep fifteen regiments to be held ready for aid to the Government. These troops became known as the Pennsylvania Reserves. For their commanding officer Curtin tried to secure George B. McClellan, who was then in Ohio, but Ohio gave McClellan a commission as general before this could be done. General George A. McCall then assumed command of the Reserves.

The defeat at Bull Run taught the Government the danger of relying on a small force of three-months volunteers. Lincoln now called for 400,000 men. Cameron appealed to Curtin to send the Reserves at once—there was no more talk of having too many soldiers. In four days after the Bull Run disaster, eleven regiments of the Reserves, ready for active service, and sworn to remain for three years, if necessary, were in Washington.

The Soldiers' Friend.—To every Pennsylvania regiment in the field Curtin gave a battle-flag bearing its

number. In person he presented each flag to its regiment and inspired all the men by his stirring speeches. He promised to care for the soldiers of his State in sickness, and to provide for the widows and orphans of those who might perish. Nobly Curtin redeemed that promise; he was known through the whole State as the Soldiers' Friend.

During the first year of the war, about ninety thousand men of Pennsylvania were called to service in the Union army, and in all, through the Civil War, close to 300,000 were enlisted. Great as was the task of raising and outfitting such a force, it was much less than the maintenance of these men in comfort and health while in the field. Although the Government was supposed to have entire charge of them, Curtin was not satisfied unless Pennsylvania could help in caring for their wants.

Curtin, therefore, appointed Clement Biddle Barclay of Philadelphia to take charge of this work. Mr. Barclay accepted on the uncommon condition that he should receive no salary and should pay his own expenses. This appointment was observed and imitated by other States, but Pennsylvania had the honor of being first.

The Altoona Conference.—The early part of the war went against the Union forces. All through the North there were many persons—the "peace at any price" men—who thought the war was wrong, or a failure, and tried to have it end. Governor Curtin, in order to

check this feeling, issued an invitation to the Northern Governors to hold a meeting, for the purpose of considering how the Government might be more strongly supported and how the loyalty of the people might be increased.

In September, 1862, just after the battle of Antietam, which stopped Lee's invasion of the North, a number of the Governors met at Altoona. This meeting has been called the Altoona Conference. When they met, they heard that Lincoln, in consequence of the battle, had issued his Emancipation Proclamation. For two days the Governors discussed affairs, then went to Washington and presented to the President an address, signed by twelve of them, which upheld his action in issuing the Proclamation. They asked Lincoln to keep on hand in the various States a reserve army of 100,000, and pledged "loyal and cordial support, hereafter as heretofore." This Conference gave the people more confidence in the Government's wisdom and strength, and silenced much complaint. It gave Lincoln fresh courage for his heavy task.

The next year, 1863, Curtin's term of office expired. His constant anxiety to do his best for the Union and for his State had injured his health. He wished to give his office into other hands. Lincoln offered him a post as foreign minister. When Curtin's friends heard of his intention to retire, they begged him to change his mind. "Who knows when the war will end?" they said. "Who can direct af-

fairs, in this trying time, so well as you?'' Curtin was persuaded to accept the renomination, and was elected for another three years.

Soldiers' Orphans. Gettysburg Cemetery.—Thanksgiving Day of 1863 was a day of thanksgiving indeed to the citizens of Pennsylvania. Lee had been hurled back from their State. Vicksburg had fallen, the high-water mark of the Confederacy had been reached, and now Southern fortunes were declining. But, by the fierce conflicts and the diseases of the camp, many thousands of Union soldiers had lost their lives.

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN AND THE TWO POOR CHILDREN

As Governor Curtin stepped out of his gate on that Thanksgiving Day, two ragged children approached him, begging for help. Their father had been killed in battle. Though he relieved the need of the children, thoughts of the many more who were in want through the same cause continued to oppress him. He resolved that such children should be well cared for.

From that day Curtin never rested until numerous

schools for soldiers' orphans were established. Before he died, he had the happiness of seeing built a large school to accommodate all such "wards of the State," over a thousand in number. This school not only gave food, clothing and shelter, but also taught the girls and boys various trades. It was located at Scotland, Franklin County, four miles north of Chambersburg.

Immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, Governor Curtin secured a piece of ground on Cemetery Hill, where all the dead were decently buried. He secured the co-operation of the other States whose men lay there, in erecting a handsome monument. The grounds were to be owned by Pennsylvania, and the other States were to join her in keeping them in good condition. When the cemetery was dedicated, that year, President Lincoln made his famous Gettysburg address, with which everyone should be familiar. The entire battlefield is now the property of the United States and is one of the most famous places in our country.

The Confederates at Chambersburg. Return of the Battle-Flags.—In 1864, Pennsylvania was again invaded. The Confederates appeared before Chambersburg and demanded a ransom of $500,000 in greenbacks or $100,000 in gold. They were told that Chambersburg could not and would not pay. The Confederate commander then set the town on fire. In a few hours three thousand people were homeless. This

was the only town within the limits of the Union States that was totally destroyed during the war. Governor Curtin was then staying at Bedford Springs, not far away, and the Confederates, who knew this, thought it would be a fine thing to capture the "War Governor." Fortunately he received word of the Southern advance in time to escape.

At last the war ended. The soldiers returned to their homes, but it was not until 1866 that the battle-flags which Curtin had presented were returned to the State. Then, on July 4, in Independence Square, Philadelphia, Curtin accepted them from General Meade. They came back, some torn by shell and bullets, some blood-stained, to be inscribed with the battles through which the regiments had gone and then to be laid away in the State Capitol.

End of Curtin's Term. Minister to Russia.—Curtin's term of office, the most trying but the most distinguished which any Pennsylvania Governor has had, was over. President Johnson offered him a post as foreign minister, but as Curtin differed from the President on the great question of reconstruction, he did not wish to accept any favor at Johnson's hands.

In the convention where Grant was nominated for President, Curtin's name was brought forward for Vice-President, but not successfully. Curtin worked hard to have Grant elected, and when Grant became President he made Curtin Minister to Russia. The Russians, themselves famous for their fine appear-

ance, admired this splendid-looking man, and were captivated by his pleasant manners. During his three years' stay, he did much to keep matters harmonious between the two countries.

Curtin's Ways of Kindness.—This ended Curtin's public life. For fifteen years more he lived quietly in Bellefonte. Everyone knew and reverenced him, and his heart went out to all. One bitter cold evening he was on the street. An old man, a former workman at the Curtin Furnace, came along. The old fellow had no warm clothing to protect him, and was shivering. "Is that you, Andy?" said he. "Yes, Tom," answered Curtin. "What have you been doing, and where's your overcoat?" "I've been chopping wood on the mountain, and I haven't any overcoat. Times are hard, and all my money is needed to buy food for the family." "Here, take mine!" said Curtin, and in a flash he had wrapped it about the old man's shoulders.

Such acts as these endeared him to his townspeople; but his charity was not confined to them. No old soldier ever went unrelieved away from Curtin's door. Once the courthouse bell called the citizens of Bellefonte together to take measures to supply the need of another Pennsylvania town which had been wrecked by flood. The meeting began to elect various officers, but the tall form of Governor Curtin rose in the midst. "What talk is this," he cried, "of presidents and vice-presidents, while others are suf-

fering?" He turned to the people. "Run to your homes; bring whatever you can to the railroad station. I will furnish cars and men to load them!" In a couple of hours a train-load of supplies went out. That was Curtin's way of getting things done. When he died, in fulness of years, Bellefonte mourned as it had never done before, and there was given to the great War Governor, as the veterans had promised, the "biggest soldier's funeral that the valley ever saw."

THADDEUS STEVENS.

1792–1868.

LEADER OF CONGRESS.

"The debt of a child to his mother, you know, is one of the debts we can never pay."

Thaddeus the Widow's Son.—In the northeastern part of Vermont lived a widow with four young boys. This mother, Mrs. Stevens, although desperately poor, determined that her boys should be educated. For this end she worked day and night. Her youngest son, Thaddeus, was sickly and had a club-foot. To make up for his weakness of body, she determined to give him the best education in the family.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

The name of Thaddeus Stevens has become famous, but the service of his mother, who toiled to furnish him the means of becoming great, should be no less remembered. Thaddeus himself never forgot it. When he became successful, he amply provided for her comfort. His will directed that a certain sum should be set aside and its interest devoted to keep, every spring-time forever, "roses and other cheerful flowers" about her grave.

Disturbance at Graduation Day. College Days.—Mrs. Stevens' pleasure at seeing Thaddeus graduate

from the academy of their home town was somewhat lessened by a disturbance which he caused upon that occasion. The severe rules of the old-fashioned academy forbade any exhibitions of speaking by candle-light or any theatrical performances. Thaddeus, having a natural taste for public speaking and dramas, prevailed on a dozen of his classmates to join in presenting a play on the evening of graduation day. This was in keeping with the independence of action which he always displayed, but the young tragedians came near to being deprived of their diplomas, and were compelled to sign a paper acknowledging their wrong-doing.

From the little home academy to the large college went the eager student, and from Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, the same college which Daniel Webster had attended, Thaddeus graduated just at the close of the War of 1812. He was then twenty-two years old, a young man of imposing appearance in spite of his lameness, which obliged him to use a cane. He was tall, with flashing eyes and clear-cut features. Unfortunately, he possessed a hasty temper, and when in anger his speech became biting; but to make up for this his heart was large, and his mind just.

The York Law Student. Thoughts on Slavery.— This youth of ready speech and keen mind found an attraction in the study of law. Vermont, however, a State of poor and scattered population, offered a poor field for beginning. As soon, therefore, as Thaddeus

Stevens decided to enter the profession, he removed to York in Pennsylvania, where he became a teacher in the academy, and thus supported himself while studying law.

York lay near to Mason and Dixon's line, beyond which stretched the slave State of Maryland. Slaves fleeing from their masters frequently crossed that line. The owners followed to claim them. This led to many quarrels between slave-holders and those who tried to protect fugitives. To the young student from Vermont such scenes were new. He had always been against slavery, but now he began to bitterly hate it. "Slaves have no rights," he reflected. "All men should be equal in rights if we can make them so." Equality grew to be his controlling thought.

When Thaddeus Stevens had finished his study of law he removed to Gettysburg. Here he was unknown and for a time found little chance to show the talent which he knew that he possessed. His opportunity came at last in a murder case. No other lawyer cared to defend the prisoner, because it was certain that he would be convicted. Stevens undertook the case. Although the decision of course went against him, he astonished every one by his skill and eloquence. Now he had gained a reputation. Soon he was recognized as the best lawyer in Gettysburg, and kept that position during the fifteen years he remained there.

Until he reached the age of forty, Stevens took no

part in politics. James Buchanan, when one of his fellow-lawyers, several years before, had advised him to speak in support of Andrew Jackson, but Stevens became a member of the party which was against slavery, the Whig party. He was elected as a State Representative from Adams County. When he attempted to get the Legislature to grant money for Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, he found much opposition. Always in favor of education, Stevens persisted, and made a speech which won enough votes to secure the money. The College afterward gave to one of its finest buildings the name of Stevens Hall.

Stevens Secures Free Public Schools.—Adams County re-elected Stevens the next year, and thus gave him opportunity for the work which he said was the greatest achievement of his life. We are used to thinking of education in our public schools as a gift from our State, provided by taxation on an equal rate to all; but at that time each child who attended school was obliged to pay tuition in that school. The State paid for no children except those whose parents declared they were unable to pay. The children whose education was thus provided by the State were generally regarded as paupers, and were taunted, on account of their poverty, by the "pay scholars." Many children of poor parents were kept at home for this reason and thus were deprived of education.

At last the State passed an act to establish free public schools for all children. This seemed to mean

extra taxation, however, and nearly half the school districts of Pennsylvania paid no attention to the new law. Many members of the Legislature were defeated for re-election because they had voted for the act. The State Senate voted to repeal it, and it seemed certain that the House would do so. Those Representatives who still favored free public schools consulted together and decided it was useless to oppose repeal.

Thaddeus Stevens was not present at this meeting. Business had called him away from Harrisburg. When he returned, his fellow-representative from Adams County told him that three-fourths of the voters from that county had petitioned to have the law repealed, and advised him to yield to the popular feeling. He did not know the man to whom he was speaking. Stevens was too firm a friend of education. He remembered his mother's sacrifices, and wished to make it easier for other mothers to have their children educated. He did not intend to follow any dictates except those of his own conscience.

When the time came for consideration of the matter, Stevens rose and delivered a remarkable speech. The old law, he declared, should have been called "An Act for Branding and Marking the Poor." "Let Pennsylvania," said Stevens, "build her monuments, not of brass or marble, but of ever-living mind. Let her polish the intellectual gems of her children. Take lofty ground; look beyond the passing point of time on which we stand, and so cast your votes that the

blessing of education shall be carried home to the poorest child of the poorest inhabitant of the meanest hut.''

His speech turned the House from its purpose. Immediately a vote was taken, and a considerable majority declared in favor of preserving free public schools. The members of the Senate, who had sat in the galleries and listened to the plea, returned to their own hall and voted in the same way. Governor Wolf sent for the orator, embraced him, warmly thanking him for the great service he had rendered humanity. Our public schools should never forget to honor Thaddeus Stevens for the speech that turned the tide.

Stevens the Eloquent.—Stevens was now considered as the most eloquent man of Pennsylvania. His fiery speech and unsparing ridicule of those who opposed him made him dreaded in debate. On one occasion a convention was held at Harrisburg for the purpose of repressing the anti-slavery movement. In some way Stevens became a member of the convention, and therefore had a right to take part; but he came to interfere with the proceedings, not to aid them. He soon made himself the most prominent figure, objected, delayed, and ridiculed, and could be ''neither answered nor suppressed.'' The convention could do no business, and adjourned without even fixing another time for meeting.

For nearly ten years Stevens remained a member

of the Legislature, but in doing so he neglected his private affairs. At the age of fifty, through the failure of a business partner, he found himself deeply in debt. He returned to the practice of law, and chose Lancaster as his home. Here he matched himself, in an important case, against the foremost lawyer of the town, worsted him, and became leader of the Lancaster bar. Although he devoted considerable time to defending, without pay, fugitive slaves, in six years he had paid off nearly two hundred thousand dollars of obligations.

Stevens in Congress. The Slavery Question.—In 1849 Stevens became a member of Congress. He was now nearly sixty, far older than most of the other Representatives. The slavery question then overshadowed all others. Stevens made no secret of his hostility to slavery, and was impatient of compromises. "The way to abolish slavery," he said, "is to confine it to those States which have it already. They will see its disastrous effects on them as compared with other States which are free, and in less than twenty-five years every slave-holding State will have a law for the gradual and final abolition of slavery."

Henry Clay's compromise Fugitive Slave Law, which attempted to compel the Northern people to assist slave-holders in regaining their escaped negroes, was hated by Stevens. He not only voted against it, but declared also that the men of his county would never obey this "tyranny." The next few

years showed that Clay's compromises could not prevent contention over slavery.

President Buchanan's inactivity gave confidence to the Southerners. They openly prepared for seces-

THEY PUSHED TOWARD HIM WITH CURSES AND THREATS.

sion. When Lincoln was elected President, their anger knew no bounds. The Southern States seized forts and arsenals. Many Northern statesmen were appalled at the prospect of war. The eagle nature of Thaddeus Stevens had no such fear.

In a speech in the House he defied the secessionists. "The time for compromises," he said, "has gone by, and the virtue now needed is courage, calm, unwavering courage. I do not believe that the Southern States can be turned from their deliberate and stern purpose by soft words. The time has come for determining whether secession is rightful. If I cannot be a freeman, let me cease to exist. If the present government should be torn to pieces by rebels, our next United States will contain no foot of ground on which a slave can tread."

"Nearly fifty Southern members," says an eyewitness, "rose to their feet and rushed toward him with curses and threats. As many of his friends gathered around him, and moving him in a hollow square to the space in front of the Speaker, opened before his assailants, and stood guard over him while he finished his speech."

Stevens Leads the Ways and Means Committee.— The war began. To carry it on an immense sum of money was needed at once. Lincoln asked Congress to grant four hundred million dollars. This was seven times the amount of annual revenue during Buchanan's administration, and was to be raised from only two-thirds of the territory previously taxed, for eleven States had left the Union. The committee of Congress whose duty it was to decide the proper sums to grant for various objects and the best means to raise money was called the Ways and Means Com-

mittee. Its chairman was Thaddeus Stevens, and he remained in that position during the entire war.

Faithfully Stevens and his associates on the committee carried out their great task. "Greenbacks" (United States notes) were issued, bonds were sold, taxes of every kind were levied. The butcher had to pay tax on every animal he killed, the manufacturer paid on every piece of goods which his workmen made. Beside the many other taxes, a certain percentage of a man's yearly income was taken. The burden grew heavy, but it was necessary to preserve the Union.

Stevens, as chairman, had to do much of the planning to carry into effect the great scheme of taxation, embody the thoughts of the committee into bills, present these bills to the House of Representatives, explain them and defend them from unimportant objections. It was a tremendous task; but Stevens was never too busy to express his bold ideas concerning emancipation. "The slave," said he, "is the mainstay of the South. While the white men fight in the Confederate ranks, the black men are raising food and making war material for them. All slaves who leave their masters should be proclaimed free, and those who wish to join our army should be gladly received."

These views were too bold to suit the majority of Congress at that time, but events proved that to free the slaves was the wisest course. Lincoln himself

issued the Emancipation Proclamation. Then Stevens brought forward a bill to allow negroes to become soldiers. Many in Congress bitterly opposed him, but the bill passed, and thousands upon thousands of negroes enlisted to strengthen the Northern army.

Reconstruction.—The seceding States finally laid down their arms. Now what must be done to reconstruct the Union as it was before? Were the Southern States in the Union or out of it? What must these States do to show their good faith before again being permitted to have representation in the national government?

Lincoln, ever kind and generous, had wished to make it easy for the seceding States to once more take their stand with the rest of the nation. Andrew Johnson, his successor, who had been "war governor" of Tennessee, inclined toward Lincoln's way of thinking. He expected to see the Southern States again in full membership in the Union without much delay. But he had not sufficiently counted on the opposition of Thaddeus Stevens.

On the shoulders of Stevens, now an old man, had rested for four years the weight of providing means to support the war. He had seen the distress, the ruin, the death caused by secession. Can he be greatly blamed for wishing to be absolutely sure that the secession movement was dead before allowing those States to be again represented in Congress?

He had no doubt whether the eleven States were inside or outside the Union. "They put themselves outside," he said. "They made war against the Union. They lost; now their land is conquered land, and they have no rights in this government until we choose to readmit them. We shall not readmit them until they have carried out the conditions which are necessary to show their good intentions."

During the summer of 1865, Congress was not in session. President Johnson took up the work of "reconstruction," and made several "provisional governments" among the Southern States. These reconstructed States sent representatives to Congress, but when these men appeared, Congress, led by Thaddeus Stevens, refused to receive them until a Committee on Reconstruction should consider the matter. Stevens, of course, became a leading member of that committee.

Stevens Opposes President Johnson.—The President was enraged because his attempts at reconstruction had been set aside. The fault mainly rested with the Southern States which had been given "provisional governments." These States had made some laws which practically reduced negroes to slavery again. But Johnson said that "Thad Stevens and his gang" were laboring to destroy the principles of our government, and that Stevens ought to be hanged.

The bills concerning reconstruction which Congress sent up to the President were all vetoed by him,

and Congress promptly passed them over his veto. The quarrel between Andrew Johnson and Congress grew more and more bitter, until the former gave his enemies a chance to impeach him. He dismissed Edwin M. Stanton, his Secretary of War, in violation of an act (the Tenure of Office Act) which Congress had passed.

Impeachment and Trial of the President.—On the day after Stanton had been dismissed, Thaddeus Stevens presented in Congress a resolution declaring that "Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors in office." Excitement was so great among the spectators that the Speaker called on the police to aid in preserving order. After three days of debate, the resolution passed. For the first and only time in our history thus far, a President would be on trial before our lawmakers.

The House appointed a committee of two, Stevens being the chairman, to appear before the Senate and declare the impeachment. Old age was now upon Stevens; his health had so broken that he often was carried about the Capitol in a chair; but he gathered his strength for the great occasion and delivered his message with a solemn manner that thrilled all the listeners.

Stevens helped to prepare the various charges on which the President was to be impeached, and was one of the "Managers" who argued the case before

the Senate. When, on account of weakness, he could talk no longer, his fellow-managers would read his speech for him. Johnson engaged the ablest lawyers to defend him, and escaped conviction by one vote. The United States has since rejoiced that he did escape, for he was entirely honest in the object which he tried to attain. The dispute between Johnson and Stevens was a difference of politics, not of morals. Each tried to serve the country in his own way.

Stevens had exhausted the last of his strength in this remarkable trial. For eight years he had been the leader of Congress. He was now seventy-six years old, and brain and body were both worn out. But his cheerfulness and courage remained. "I am going to die in harness," he remarked. "I mean to die hurrahing." A month after Congress adjourned that summer he passed away.

In the Lancaster County district which Stevens represented in Congress, the primary election for Representative had been fixed for the end of the week at whose beginning he died. The news of his death reached Lancaster at once, but no other candidates wished to seem to be unfeeling by presenting themselves while his body was yet unburied. The voters were left to choose at random. At the election, although all knew that their beloved representative was gone, every vote, as a tribute of respect, was cast for Thaddeus Stevens.

On the monument in Lancaster graveyard where

his body was laid, is the inscription, composed by himself: "Finding other cemeteries limited as to race, I have chosen this, that I might illustrate in death the principles which I advocated through a long life, equality of man before his Creator." No wonder that one who wrote the life of Stevens called him "The Great Commoner."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

1837–

THE KING OF STEEL.

"It is everything to feel that you are useful."

The Weaver's Son.—In the days when cloth was made by wooden hand-looms, many of the people of Scotland supported themselves by weaving. Most weavers worked in their own homes and earned a good living. The little town of Dunfermline had many such. Mr. Carnegie, one of these, was a prosperous master-weaver who employed several apprentices.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

There were two sons in the Carnegie family, the elder, named Andrew, a short sturdy lad, full of grit and pluck. Until Andrew was eight years old he received his education from his good mother, who fixed in his mind many wise sayings. When Andrew did attend the Dunfermline school, the teacher one day asked him to repeat a proverb from the Bible. The proverbs which his mother had taught were all equally prized by Andrew, so he stood up and repeated: "Take care of your pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Emigration to America.—The lad's school days

ended at an early age. Steel looms driven by steam came into use through Scotland. Many of these looms were driven at once by the power of an engine, and great factories were built which contained hundreds of machines. The factories made cloth more cheaply than hand-weavers could. Mr. Carnegie's business grew less until he could scarcely support his family.

Some of the weaver's relatives had gone to Pittsburgh, a few years before, and had prospered. He too decided to emigrate to America. The family left Glasgow on a sailing-vessel, for steamships had not then driven off the ocean that way of carrying passengers. Andrew, who was thirteen years old, much enjoyed the seven weeks' trip.

Andrew's Toil.—In Pittsburgh the father secured work in a cotton-mill. Andrew worked there too, at the large wages of a dollar and twenty cents per week. It was such hard labor, that, looking back upon it, Andrew called it "slavery," but with Scotch persistence he worked away until he found a position that paid better.

The new task consisted of firing the boiler and helping to run the steam-engine in a small factory. Neglect of duty might cause a bad accident. Few boys of fourteen could have been trusted with such a position. Andrew felt the strain. Often at night he would awaken from a terrible dream that something had gone wrong. "This will not last always," was his comforting thought.

In the Telegraph Office.—A better chance came at last; Mr. Carnegie happened to meet a man who had come from Dunfermline and was then manager of a telegraph office. When the latter learned that he had found a fellow-townsman, he asked if there were any favor which he could show. "Give Andy a berth," said the father, and Andy got one.

The new work filled Andy with delight, though it was only that of a messenger-boy. He now received three whole dollars a week, and thought himself the happiest fifteen-year-old boy alive. Though the lad was little, and always remained so, he had spirit enough for a giant. Before he had been a month in his new "berth" he asked the manager to teach him how to telegraph. The manager did so, and found that Andrew made an apt pupil.

Learners on the telegraph had not much chance for practice. They had to be at the office early in the morning before the regular operators arrived—there was then no night service—and send messages to each other along the line. Almost every operator then read off the received messages as the telegraph instrument wrote them in dots and dashes on a long paper tape. A few of the best operators learned to understand the clicks of the key, and so dispensed with a tape. Andrew saw the quickness of this second way and learned to read messages by sound.

Soon Andrew could telegraph as well as the manager himself, and when he was sixteen he became a

regular operator at six dollars a week. This aid came not a moment too soon, for Mr. Carnegie had just died, and Andrew's money was needed at home.

ANDREW SENT ORDERS UNDER MR. SCOTT'S NAME.

In the Railroad Service.—Mr. Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, often had occasion to visit the telegraph office. Andrew handled most of his messages, and Mr. Scott noticed how bright and quick was the little young operator. One day he offered Andrew a

position as operator for the railroad, at an increased salary. Andrew promptly accepted. He had made another upward step.

Andrew grew to be a great favorite with Mr. Scott. One morning an accident happened on a line of the railroad. There was but one track, and the trains fell into confusion. Mr. Scott had not arrived at his office and it seemed that there was no one ready to give orders. Time was precious. Andrew sent orders under Mr. Scott's name to the conductors, and had the trains running again by the time his chief appeared.

Mr. Scott's Friendship.—Mr. Scott now regarded Andrew as his right-hand man, and soon made him private secretary. Through his employer Andrew entered upon his first important investment. Mr. Scott came to the youth and told him that there was a chance to make a good investment in the stock of the Adams Express Company. If Andrew could lay his hands on five hundred dollars, Mr. Scott would advance a hundred.

"Can you get the money, Andy?" asked the superintendent. "Yes," confidently answered Andrew, although he had no idea whence it would come. He laid the problem before his mother, trusting in her advice as he had already done on many occasions. "We will mortgage the house," she said. It was done, and Andrew became a stockholder. His shares proved to be an excellent bargain.

Carnegie During the War.—When the Civil War broke out, Lincoln made Mr. Scott Assistant Secretary of War, as the transport of troops and supplies from North to South fell largely on him. During the early years of the war it was necessary for Scott to be at Washington, and during his absence from Pittsburgh Andrew Carnegie had to fill Scott's place.

This was a most responsible task for a young man barely twenty-three. Even in times of peace the work would have been hard, but it was doubly so in wartime. It fell to his lot to be present at several battles. At Bull Run he was one of the last to leave the field. The horrors of war so deeply impressed Carnegie's mind that ever afterward he preached peace with all his might.

While the war yet continued, Carnegie was travelling one day upon the railroad. A stranger approached him and asked if he were connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad. On receiving the young man's answer, the stranger drew from his bag the model of a sleeping-car. As yet there were no railroads across the continent, and long trips were not so common as in our days, but Carnegie saw the value of the idea. He praised the invention to Mr. Scott, a sleeping-car company was formed, and Carnegie bought shares in it which paid him well. Foresight and insight—these are the qualities which make men great.

Shortly after this incident, Carnegie received pro-

motion to the same position as superintendent which Mr. Scott had held. His salary was good, his investments profitable, and he had some capital in hand. Colonel Drake had "struck oil" in Pennsylvania, not far from Pittsburgh. Andrew and some friends subscribed forty thousand dollars and bought a farm on Oil Creek. It was rich in petroleum, and their investment brought them a million dollars—surely a good percentage of profit!

Carnegie Enters the Iron Business.—While still in the employ of the railroad, Carnegie saw the profits which were being made in the iron business. He bought an interest in an iron company, and considered deeply the ways in which its trade could be extended. Andrew Carnegie was always reaching out for larger fields of endeavor.

Up to this time railroad bridges usually had been made of wood, as stone was costly. These wooden bridges were apt to decay, and become unsafe. Many were burned. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company built a bridge of iron as an experiment, and it proved satisfactory. Carnegie, with his business insight, saw the chance. He forthwith formed a company to make and erect iron bridges.

Carnegie induced Edgar Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and his old friend, Colonel Scott, who was now vice-president, to buy stock in his bridge company. Many lesser officers of the road followed their example. The backing

given by the railroad made the new company prosperous.

Since fortune thus smiled upon him, Carnegie resigned his railroad position at the close of the war. The demand for iron manufactures, however, fell greatly after the war, and remained thus for three years. Many iron companies failed, but Carnegie, who had the friendship of numerous railroad men, kept his company going during that dark time by the large orders which he secured.

In order to meet men of influence, the young iron-merchant took up his residence in New York. He had reasoned out his principles of success. "To make money" he thought, "one must spend money." Therefore he lived at one of the best hotels, entertained, travelled, met distinguished persons, made hosts of friends—and brought in the business.

Although Carnegie had a naturally quick mind and was a great reader, he realized his lack of education as soon as he began to enter into New York society. He engaged teachers and went through a long course of study. Thus he fitted himself to converse intelligently with those whose early advantages had been greater. No one need grow too old to study and learn.

Carnegie in the Steel Business.—As iron had displaced wood for many purposes, so steel was about to displace iron. In England Mr. Bessemer invented a way of making steel quickly and in large amounts. Carnegie, while on a visit to Great Britain, saw this

done. For years he had known that there was such a process, but had been doubtful of its success. Now the sight of the big "converter" blazing out its volleys of sparks swept away all doubt.

As quickly as steam could propel him, Carnegie rushed back to America, convinced his partners that the age of steel was coming and persuaded them to form a new company for steel manufacture. Carnegie furnished a large share of the capital. On the spot where Braddock had been defeated in the forest, the company put up a large steel works. Carnegie called it the Edgar Thomson Works, after his good friend the railroad president, and Mr. Thomson was a profitable customer.

The old-fashioned masters in the iron trade scoffed at Carnegie's ways of doing business. "He has bitten off more than he can chew," they said. "He'll come to grief by this launching out." But they did not understand Andrew Carnegie.

Large manufacturers are often called "captains of industry." Carnegie was more; we must call him a general of industry. The "practical" side of making iron and steel he did not understand. He hired other men who knew. But he thoroughly understood how to secure orders, make profits, and get work out of other people. His partners stayed on the spot and saw to the actual producing of iron and steel.

Through the railroad boom in the United States, following the completion of track-laying to the Pacific,

Carnegie's iron company had made large profits. Now in the new company the iron furnaces and steel works combined to bring gain. The railroads had found that their iron rails lasted but two years, so that when steel rails were made they drove iron ones out of use. The Edgar Thomson Steel Works drew a flood of work and of profit from the new business.

Andrew Carnegie believed with heart and soul in the future of the steel industry. As partners died or wished to withdraw, he bought their shares until he became master of affairs. His interest was all in steel. Never did he speculate in the stock market. Never did he become a director in other concerns, though he was often begged to do so.

Management of Business.—When Carnegie became master, his wonderful management of business appeared. He saw to it that there were orders in plenty and drove his men furiously to fill the orders. The mills worked twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The roar and the blaze never ceased.

The best manager that Carnegie could procure had charge of the work, and the men themselves received high wages—but every one must work his hardest all the time. If a man could not keep up the pace he was instantly dropped. No matter how much the mills produced, Carnegie cried "More!" "One manager wrote that he had broken all records the previous week. Carnegie replied: "Why can't you do it every week?"

Six years after the steel works had begun, Carnegie was the foremost American in the business. He owned more than one-half of the company, and his share was worth about three million dollars.

Yet while his men had toiled, Carnegie had taken life in an easy way. He had travelled leisurely around the world, and had written a book describing his trip. His years had been full of enjoyment. He was the director, the man who surveyed the whole field of his business. He stood at a distance that he might see better. Wherever he travelled, daily reports from each department of the company were sent to him, and his employees found that he studied these with the greatest care. The head of each department had to produce profitable results, or woe to him.

Now the business changed into Carnegie Brothers and Company, with a capital of five million dollars. In the next eight years it earned sixteen millions of profit. Figure out the percentage! As partners dropped out, Carnegie continued to take their shares.

Carnegie's fortune grew like a rolling snowball. His company bought out other plants and operated them. He had the most complete steel works in existence, and there was usually a call for all the steel that he could manufacture. As steel rails had replaced those of iron, so steel bridges replaced iron bridges. "Skyscraper" office buildings, with skeletons of steel, sprang up in the great cities. The growing nation needed steel and paid well for it.

In 1889 Carnegie formed the Carnegie Steel Company, which had but three members and a capital of twenty-five millions. It owned coal lands, coke-ovens, and many iron furnaces and steel mills. A railroad connected all the various works. The aim of the company was to own everything needed in its business, so that it might be completely independent.

In the northern peninsula of Michigan, explorers found vast fields of iron ore which lay at the surface so that it could be dug out like so much dirt. The Carnegie Company bought a tract of ground which contained enough to last many years. But this ore was a thousand miles from Pittsburgh. To keep steel cheap, the ore would have to be hauled cheaply. The company bought a railroad which ran from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie, rebuilt it for its whole length of over two hundred miles, and the Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad has hauled the ore ever since.

To avoid paying for water freight the company bought its own lake fleet of ore-carrying steamers. Now the company could produce steel with no thanks to other concerns—it had the ore, the coal, the coke, the ships, the cars, the furnaces and the mills. Most of the profits went back into the business. Carnegie never ceased erecting buildings, placing new machinery, improving where possible. Machines replaced brute strength; electricity ruled instead of muscle.

After Carnegie, "the little boss," had become powerful in the kingdom of steel, he began taking into

partnership the brightest young men among his employees. They received stock for which they paid from the dividends. Every superintendent thus became a partner and took a partner's interest in the business, yet Carnegie controlled his actions. These young and active men stood ready for any task, no matter how great or how hard. They kept the Carnegie company ahead of all others. At the close of each twelve months each looked at his record and said: "We shall beat that next year." The least of them made as much money in a year as the President of the United States then received.

Carnegie was now the most prominent man in the steel business. He could look back on twenty-five years of success in this field. For the last ten years of that time he had retired from active business and had spent most of his days across the ocean in his own dear Scotland, though he still watched the affairs of the company with eagle eye. He was willing to sell out his shares if he received a good price.

Other steel "kings" wished to form a combination of great steel works. No such combination could be sure of success unless Carnegie's company were included. He had the best machinery, the best mills and the best managers. He was mining over one-fourth of the iron ore dug in the United States and making one-fourth of the country's steel. Forty-five thousand men worked for him, and the company's profits were forty millions a year.

The men behind the plan asked Carnegie his price. He named it, but they refused to pay it. "Very well," said he, "I think that you will need my company. I will take a greater part of the business than ever." Carnegie announced that he would buy bigger ore-vessels, build a railroad to the Atlantic, erect more mills and enter into new branches of steel manufacturing.

The steel kings were terrified. They knew that Carnegie would keep his word. Unless they came to terms with him they would not only fail in their plans for the future, but would lose profits which they already enjoyed. They could not compete with the Carnegie company. "At any cost, buy him out," they cried, and gave him a higher price than he had asked in the first place—nearly five hundred million dollars for the company, in bonds and stock of the company which they were about to form.

So the Carnegie Steel Company passed away, and the United States Steel Corporation, the so-called Steel Trust, was born. It controlled nearly three-quarters of the output of iron and steel in the country, and the rich men at its head were interested in banks, railroads and other companies which could help its business. It is now (1912) the largest company in the world. It makes over two-fifths of the pig iron of our country, nearly three-fifths of the steel rails, and much over half of other manufactures of iron and steel. It owns three-fourths of the iron ore of

Minnesota and so has no fear of running short of material. At its command new cities like that of Gary, Indiana, spring up to pour forth more steel.

Carnegie had now become probably the richest man in America. His income was fifteen million dollars a year. As he felt "half Scotch and half American" he decided to divide his time between the countries which he loved. He bought ancient Skibo Castle, in the far north of Scotland. There he spends the summer months. The bagpipes awaken him each morning; then he plays golf, fishes for salmon or cruises among the islands in his yacht. Yet at other times of the year his house on Fifth Avenue, New York, opens its doors for him.

"I will devote most of my wealth to the good of others," thought Carnegie. Education, of course, attracted most of his gifts. To the universities of Scotland he gave ten million dollars. For Pittsburgh he founded a great Polytechnic School where the sciences needed in manufacturing are taught. To encourage reading, Carnegie gave a fine library building to any city or town which would maintain it. Not only did he encourage the teaching of the knowledge which the world already possessed, but he also gave ten millions more to establish in Washington the Carnegie Institution, which by its investigations adds to the knowledge of the world.

In many other ways the millions made from steel have been applied to worthy causes. The workmen

who once served the Carnegie company receive considerable pensions when they become old or disabled. Those persons who risk their lives for others receive medals from the Carnegie Hero Fund; if they die through their heroism, those who depend upon them are supported. To all American churches who wish to have organs, Carnegie extends a helping hand.

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